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LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.
MATINEE.—MACBETH, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, at Two, and Saturday, June 22. On Saturday, June 15, the Theatre will be closed at night. MISS ELLEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT and LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.—LYCEUM.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—TO-NIGHT, at EIGHT, the highly-successful DRAMA, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, entitled THE HARBOUR LIGHTS. Mr. William Terriss, &c. Doors open at Seven; Farce at 7.15. Box-office open Ten to Five.

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"WILD DARRIE."

THE hundreds of thousands of readers who will be presently taking up the Summer Number of the *Illustrated London News* will, I warrant, be deeply engrossed in the wonderfully exciting Anglo-American romance, "Wild Darrie," by Mr. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman. Opening with a sympathetic incident at the old Surrey Theatre, "Wild Darrie" is full of interest from first to last. There is a vigorous tidal swing about the skilful recital of the experiences of "Wild Darrie" as an *équestrienne* of the *haute école*, and of her noble expiation in the Far West of her early sin in the Old Country, that absorbs the reader, and holds him spellbound throughout the story. "Wild Darrie" is instinct with humanity. How full of dashing movement "Wild Darrie" is may be gathered from the bold and picturesque drawings of M. Forestier and M. Montbard. The striking cover-picture of "Wild Darrie's" ride for life from the forest fire is a key to the thrilling nature of the dramatic episodes that abound, and that comprise a chance discovery of gold, and the vicissitudes of "Tricky Bill," the evil genius of "Wild Darrie." Strong characterisation is not lacking. Whilst the erring Bohemian *équestrienne* and her villainous quondam companion are vividly portrayed, powerful individuality is also thrown into the graphic delineation of the frank and gallant sailor sweetheart of sweet Ada Deering, Griffith Broadhurst; the rugged country yeoman, Mr. Deering, whose life is shadowed by "Wild Darrie"; and especially into that rough, but tender-hearted, product of the Far West, Abe Hooker, whose proposal to Ada Deering is a rich bit of natural humour. "Wild Darrie," in fine, will be the literary hit of the season. The purchaser of this remarkable shilling Summer Number of the *Illustrated London News* will find thrown into the bargain a brace of droll canine coloured prints, "Cause" and "Effect," and another original story, this one by Bret Harte, and entitled "A Secret of Telegraph Hill," deftly illustrated by Mr. J. Bernard Partridge, who is an accomplished actor as well as a clever Artist.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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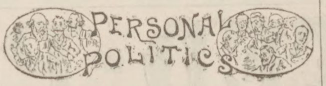
All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.



The Squire of Blankney.

MR. CHAPLIN has been coming to the front again. No one believed that he could have made such an excellent speech as that on

bimetallism. I am an utter disbeliever in bimetallism, which seems to be one of those dangerous things—a clever man's fad. But the speech was clear, well-reasoned, well-delivered. Indeed, it is strange that the man who delivered it has not been more of a success. At one time, Mr. Chaplin seemed to have everything needed for a great career—good looks of a rather ponderous kind, a handsome person, a fine estate, a good stable of racers, money, and youth. He had married a Duke's daughter; he had distinguished himself in the House by a series of fierce speeches on the old Tory lines. His friends were proud of him, and believed in him. They talked of the Squire of Blankney leading the country just as "Dizzy" led it many years ago. But somehow Mr. Chaplin failed to go ahead at the right moment. His style, like his figure, was a little too heavy and much too flowery; his tricks of manner, his strut, his way of fixing his eyeglass and pulling down his cuffs and stretching his arms, his habit of lecturing, began to bore the House. Lord Randolph, too, proved a far speedier colt, and raced past his rival in fine style. A bitter enmity sprang up between the two men. Mr. Chaplin was always girding at Lord Randolph; Lord Randolph was always flashing out a deft rebut, or else galling his opponent by contemptuous silence. Now the Marlborough pet is out of grace for a time; but still Mr. Chaplin is not a success. He is a poorer man than he used to be, his estate is embarrassed, his rent-roll has fallen. However, with all his failures he has kept his good name. I never heard his honour assailed, and he is popular with all his vanity and ponderous ways. But he will never be a great political leader now.

A Coming Man.

I see that Mr. H. H. Asquith has been delivering an important speech at the Palmerston Club at Oxford. Mr. Asquith is the man to whom I am in the habit of pointing when I am asked who is going to lead the Liberal party when the present generation of leaders is no more. At all events, he is the man who shows most Parliamentary promise. He speaks rarely—I don't suppose he has delivered more than a dozen addresses since he took his seat—but he has never spoken without making men turn round and listen to him, and without improving his position. He is perfectly self-possessed, very forcible, has a biting wit of his own, a good sonorous voice, excellent oratorical style, and, above all, has the surpassing merit of clearness. I remember, for instance, the impression he made by a little speech he delivered in the debate on the Parnell Commission. There was a point to be put, and several speakers had been labouring at it without making it quite apparent. Mr. Asquith rose — a young, smooth-faced, strong-featured man—and in half-a-dozen sentences had clinched the matter, and driven it into the head of every member in the House. John Morley, who thinks very highly of Mr. Asquith, was especially struck with the speech, and praised it loudly at a dinner-table a day or so later. Mr. Asquith brought a high reputation from Balliol, the Queen of Oxford colleges. He was far and away the best man of his year in the University, took very high honours, was president of the Union and a successful speaker there, and generally gave the impression of one of the strongest, hardest, coolest heads of his time. He has married well and happily—a great thing in a public man. His practice is very large; a Q.C. and a judgeship are within his reach; next to Sir Charles Russell, he is the success among the Parnellite counsel, and he has done the most responsible part of the "devilling" in the case. Sometimes I think he is a little too clever, that he wants a softness of character and imagination. But then, you can't have everything, and if any man is bound to rise it is Mr. H. H. Asquith.

Tory Democrats

are in fashion now, and some of them are sure to come to the front ere long. By far the cleverest of them—and, in my opinion, the man of genius among rising politicians—is Lord Randolph Churchill.

But the Duchess of Marlborough's favourite son suffers from a painful and recurring complaint, and he can only work by snatches. Hence his trip to Norway; hence the many short holidays he has to take. The most promising among his supporters is Mr. Hanbury, the member for Preston. Mr. Hanbury is a big man—almost as big as Mr. Chaplin—but he is as different a type from the Squire of Blankney as Lord Randolph himself. Alert, businesslike, forcible, never rhetorical except when rhetoric is needed, with a wonderful eye for detail, and a real capacity for "getting up" questions, Mr. Hanbury is the very man for these democratic days. He is the terror of Ministers, especially of Mr. Stanhope and Lord George Hamilton, for he scents a job as a terrier scents a rat; he does not in the least mind what he says, and he has a wonderful knack of putting awkward questions. It is really a treat to watch him from his corner seat below the gangway, he always seems on the pounce. He is always doing things which the party chiefs disapprove; but he rules the roost at Preston in spite of the "caucus," and he cannot be left out of the next Tory Government.

The New Fourth Party.

The other principal "Randolphians"—if I may so call them—are Lord Curzon, Mr. L. J. Jennings, and one or two other young members for county constituencies, who are not of much account. Half a dozen is about the number; but the new Fourth Party does not work together so well as the old. There's no organisation, no whips, "no nothing." Lord Curzon is Lord Randolph's brother-in-law (another sister of Lord Randolph's married Lord Wimborne, and is the great entertainer among the "smart" Conservative set), and is a handsome, but rather delicate and nervous young man, of real talent, but not enough push, and very much attached to his gifted relative. Mr. L. J. Jennings is a curious person. He certainly is a very able man. It was he who, as editor of a great New York paper, overthrew the corrupt Tammany Ring, and saved New York from a pestilent set of rogues. He writes well, has great knowledge, is much cleverer than the average House of Commons man, but somehow he doesn't make much progress. Perhaps it is because he is too bitter and cynical; perhaps because he is too much interested in American politics to become a power in this country. Still, he is one of those strange beings who seem destined to take a lower place than many inferior men. What is the real cause? "I wonder," as Mr. Tree says in one of his plays.

"T. P.'s" Little Party.

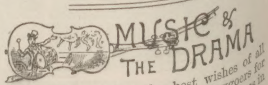
Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the editor of the *Star*, and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor have given up their heroic idea of "living over the shop"—that is to say, at their newspaper office—and have taken a pretty flat off Victoria-street, next door to Lady Colin Campbell and a host of celebrities. They gave a pretty house-warming the other night. Parties in London are getting less and less formal; and Mr. and Mrs. "T. P.'s" parties never are formal. You have plenty of good music; a recitation or two—comic, serious, poetic—a negro song, a violin solo; an excellent supper (I loathe your sherry-and-sandwich party); and you meet all sorts of people who are clever, without being dull. There, for instance, was Colonel John Hay, whose "Jim Bludso" thousands of tender-hearted people have read and wept over—a simple, manly figure; there was H. A. Jones, playwright and ex-commercial traveller; there was trim, handsome M. Grenadius, formerly Greek Attaché, and now Minister-in-Chief; there was Thomas Nelson, page, poet, and humorist; there was Mr. George Russell, tall, dandified, a little haw-haw in manner, but one of the cleverest members of a clever family, and, though he is now a little "out of the swim," probably destined to become a political figure of mark. Then there was Mortimer Menpes, the artist and flirtist, always and everywhere a favourite; and scores of others, of whom time would fail me to tell. Mrs. "T. P." is an excellent hostess, and knows the hostess's art of mixing her company well. So there were no dull corners.

"Cherchez la Femme."

It is curious what efforts are being taken to conceal from the public the fact that the lady now in General Boulanger's company in London is *not* Mdlle. Boulanger. No; it is Madame De Bonnemain, a lady who has replaced in the brav' Général's affections the famous comic actress about whom he quarrelled with the Duc d'Aumale, and who, if all I hear is true, had a good deal to do with forming his character and maturing his plans. Madame De Bonnemain is a lady of a different stamp to Mdlle. R——. She has had a sad history, in which she has not been to blame; and she is said to be as charming as she is pretty. At all events, she has done a good deal of entertaining for Boulanger, who kept a fine hotel expressly for the dinners at which Madame De Bonnemain figured. Another lady to whom he owes much is the fashionable Duchesse d'Azès, a very rich, a very fashionable, and a very popular woman in Paris. What makes Boulanger so popular with the sex is his good temper and easy manners. In this way he very much resembles Napoleon III.

At Play.

I see Lord Randolph has gone a-fishing. Here are some favourite recreations of our public men:—Lord Salisbury loves chemical experiments; Sir Charles Russell, a rubber; Sir Charles Dilke, rowing; Mr. Bradlaugh, salmon or Thames fishing; Lord Hartington, shooting; Mr. Balfour, golf; Mr. Cyril Flower, riding or swimming; Mr. Matthews, riding; Mr. Bryce, climbing; Mr. Chamberlain, nothing—or, say a stroll through his orchid-houses. You know what Mr. Gladstone likes. THE SCENE-SHIFTER.



MR. E. S. WILLARD has the best wishes of all playgoers for his success in his joint direction of the new Shaftesbury Theatre with Mr. John Lart, author of that powerful drama, "The Monk's Room." The hearty admiration felt for Mr. Willard's great histrionic talents was made manifest last Saturday night, when he made his first appearance on the boards of the Shaftesbury as the self-contained forger in the late Sir Charles Young's strong play, "Jim the Penman," and was applauded to the echo. There is no finer acting to be seen in London than Mr. Willard's impersonation—neat, clearly cut, and finished—of the clever schemer who gains a wife and a high position in Society by forgery, and only comes to grief when his German confederate forces him to counterfeit the signature of the Lordling paying court to his daughter. His ultimate triumph over this wily accomplice on his child's wedding-day, and his death from heart disease, powerfully impressed the audience. Lady Monckton was, as a refined Mrs. Ralston, worthy Mr. Willard's companionship. Indeed, "Jim the Penman" is throughout well represented, and full of "grip." Mr. Mackintosh's Baron Hartfelt was a good study. Mr. W. Herbert played well as the returned lover Perceval, who lost a great portion of his fortune and a bride to boot by the machinations of Ralston; and Miss Henrietta Lindley's aplomb, and Mr. Elwood's calm as the adroit detective added strength to the acting; whilst Mr. Fred. Terry and Miss Mabel Hardinge infused the requisite amount of sentiment into the love-making of the pair of cooing sweethearts. Recalled to make a speech, Mr. Willard announced new plays by popular authors as being in preparation, and generously gave notice of a benefit for the veteran Mrs. Stephens, whose Mrs. Willoughby in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is one of the best bits of comedy of the past thirty years.

MR. E. S. WILLARD.

* * *

That singularly powerful dramatic study of a woman's character, Henrik Ibsen's "Doll's House" did not impress me much when it was first presented in an English garb as "Breaking a Butterfly," some years back at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. But that erudite and astute critic, Mr. William Archer, may be fairly congratulated upon the unquestionable success secured by his translation of "A Doll's House," played in English under that title at the Novelty for a week, commencing on the 7th of June. The Nora Helmer of Miss Janet Achurch was far and away the best thing this sympathetic young actress has ever done. She enacted to the life the wilful, affectionate, fib-telling macaroon-loving wife, who with surprising suddenness resolves to leave her husband when she learns he has a natural horror of the forgery she

innocently committed in order to gain money to nurse him through a grave illness. To my mind, Ibsen ought to have ended his play with the reconciliation of husband and wife, and with these words: "Why did you do this act, Nora?" "To save your life, Torvald!" But Ibsen is, like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, a sermoniser. So he made the couple part, when they needn't have parted. I have an impression that Ibsen's physiological notions were set down words many, many centuries before he conceived them. Be that as it may, "A Doll's House" is full of thoughtful suggestions as to woman's relationship to man; and there are one or two other suggestive passages which might well be omitted in these days when a venerable publisher is sent to Holloway Castle for issuing Zola's works. A few words of commendation may be bestowed upon the Torvald Helmer of Mr. Herbert Waring; the Dr. Rank of Mr. Charles Charrington; the Mrs. Linden of Miss Gertrude Warden; and upon the naturalness of little Master Lionel Calhaem, Miss Amy and Miss Ethel Rayner, as the children of the Helmers.

* * * * *

Mr. Augustus Harris is triumphant. He is getting all his best singers round him, and the performances at Covent-Garden recall the palmiest days of Royal Italian Opera, with the additional merit of an *ensemble*

MDLLE. VAN ZANDT.

such as was never dreamt of in the Grisi and Mario days. There has been endless variety. Van Zandt, the fascinating, in the "Sonnambula"; Madame Albani, the mellow-voiced prima donna, joining her and Miss Ella Russell in "Le Nozze"; and the charming Australian Melba in "Rigoletto." The Prince of Tenors, Jean de Reszké, has reappeared; and M. Lassalle, oddly enough, sang in "Rigoletto" in French. But all the opera will be in French on Saturday, when "Romeo and Juliet" is announced.

* * * * *

I looked in at Her Majesty's, but found little satisfaction in the new Amina, Mdlle. Pacini. She is a refined, intelligent vocalist; but too small in voice and everything else for such a house. Madame Gargano as Lucia was good. She sang Donizetti's music with grace and expression, and acted effectively. The new tenor, M. Warmuth, sings artistically. His voice is of excellent quality in the middle register; but I fancy he was handicapped by our high pitch. The pitch of Continental orchestras (nearly half a tone lower) is so much easier for the vocalists. Consequently, M. Warmuth, whose range is not very high, had all his work to do in the Malediction Scene. The return of Signor Galassi was welcome. He is a vigorous artist. The chorus had arrived from Turin, and made quite a respectable show in "Lucia."

* * * * *

Fancy an opera-bouffe introducing the Eiffel Tower! A few days ago, MM. Elzéar et Päer produced "La Tour de Babel," with music by M. Fanchey, at the Renaissance, Paris. As may be anticipated, it was a commonplace and ridiculous work, belonging to the lowest school of opera-bouffe. But it is astounding what rubbish the Parisians will tolerate when caricaturing any popular institution, person, or thing. But probably nothing ever seen on the Parisian stage has ever equalled "La Tour de Babel" in bad taste, folly, and buffoonery. The libretto is little more than a parody of the Scriptural narrative, and Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet figure as the principal personages. Noah's daughter is the heroine, and has two lovers, one of them being Nimrod, who seeks her dowry, the Tower of Babel, constructed by "Ephel." The confusion of tongues is a feature of the opera-bouffe, and is represented by fantastic jabber and equally idiotic music. There is a chorus of the characters disguised as animals for Noah's Ark, and Noah himself is an inebriated old gentleman always singing coarse comic songs. There is a fête at the Tower of Babel conducted in such an uproarious manner that an explosion takes place and the tower comes toppling down. A friend, writing from Paris, tells me the audience did not mind the profanity or vulgarity, but thought the silly libretto and bad music would be fatal to the opera-bouffe. There is something to find fault with, on the score of good taste, with London productions at times; but we have not quite reached "La Tour de Babel" height—or depth.

* * * * *

Wagner requires a special audience. The other day "Tannhäuser" was hissed at the San Carlo of Naples. But at Berlin the composer's works are just now more popular than ever; they are giving the complete series, beginning with "Rienzi," and taking, in due course, "Tristan," the "Nibelungen Ring," "Die Meistersinger," &c.

* * * * *

At Bayreuth, too, the Wagner pilgrims will have special performances from July 21 to Aug. 18, the semi-sacred opera, "Parsiful," impossible here on account of its subject, being the chief work.

THESPIS.

Colonel J. F. Dorward, R.E., has been appointed to the command of the Service Battalion of Royal Engineers at Chatham.

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FACTS AND FACES.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

The Portland Marriage

being *the* Wedding of the London Season, everything in connection with this auspicious union is of public interest. His Grace the Duke of Portland had long been angled for in the aristocratic matrimonial mart, where fair *débutantes* are generally knocked down to the highest bidders, precisely as they are in Morocco, if the sale be not conducted exactly in the same manner. Such being the fashion, it is very satisfactory to know that the Duke of Portland's marriage with divinely tall and beautiful Miss Dallas Yorke was in every respect a pure love match.

The Lucky Duke,

who within a week won the Derby for the second time and was wedded to one of the fairest girls in Christendom, is, perhaps, the handsomest man in the Peerage. William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck is the sixth Duke of Portland. Born on the 28th of December, 1857, he succeeded the late Duke, his cousin, in 1879. He is her Majesty's Master of the Horse. His Grace is six feet in height, and of muscular build, and may be counted among the most fortunate of men in every walk of life. A Lieutenant in the Coldstreams from 1878 to 1880, he has been till lately Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hon. Artillery Company, and is now Colonel of the 1st Lanarkshire Artillery Volunteers. He is of princely generosity. The Duke of Portland presented his bride with the pearl necklace once the property of Queen Mary of Orange, a diamond hoop ring, a torquoise and diamond bracelet, a gold and enamel watch-bracelet mounted with brilliants, a pearl and diamond brooch, a moonstone brooch set in diamonds, a dressing-case and travelling-bag with gold fittings and initials in diamonds, a gold hunting-watch, a sable cloak, muff, and boa. The tenantry on the Duke's estate in Ayrshire presented him with a portrait of himself painted by W. B. Richmond; and the Welbeck tenantry contribute a companion portrait of the bride by that clever Artist, Mr. J. J. Shannon.

Miss Dallas Yorke

looked a vision of beauty as she stood at the altar on Tuesday morning last by the side of her Apollo of a husband. The charming bride was the embodiment of grace. The wedding was solemnised—N.B.: all aristocratic weddings are, if you note it, "solemnised"; they don't merely take place—at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. Royalty, for a wonder, was absent. But there was a great gathering of titled beauties. All eyes were naturally fixed upon Miss Dallas Yorke, who was "given away" by her father. The Duke's brother, Lord Henry Bentinck, was "best man." The bride's dress was of ideal beauty, being composed of rich white ivory satin duchesse, trimmed with scarves of lovely antique point d'Alençon, and draped with *mousseline-de-soie*, and a châtelaine of orange-blossoms down the left side of the skirt. Her bodice was trimmed with rows of real pearls. The tulle veil was surmounted by a small spray of real orange-blossom, and fastened to the hair by a diamond star. The bride also wore a diamond thistle brooch, presented by the employés on the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire estates, and the aforesaid historical pearl necklace.

The Bridesmaids.

The six principal bridesmaids were Lady Ottoline Bentinck, the bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Katherine Russell, Miss Alice Grenfell, Miss Violet Bentinck, Miss Hyacinth Bentinck, and Miss Pollard. They were attired in costumes of cream duchesse satin draped with *gaze-de-soie*, fichus of the same material, and a broad sash of white moiré silk; large drawn hats with a long plume of ostrich-feather; the whole costume being copied from a famous portrait by Reynolds of a former Duchess of Portland. Each carried a bouquet of Malmaison carnations, and wore a single blossom of the same flower in the side of their hats. The three younger bridesmaids were Lady Victoria Manners, Miss Eileen Elliot, and Miss Elsie Graham; and they were dressed in soft *mousseline de chiffon* over mediæval tunics of white satin and tiny skull-caps of lace, trimmed with gold and pearls.

The bridegroom's present to the elder bridesmaids was a gold and blue enamel watch bracelet set with brilliants; and to the younger ones a small ruby and diamond brooch surmounted by a ducal coronet. Two little pages of honour attended the bride—Lord Haddon (Lord Granby's son) and Master Ivan Hay (Lord Kilmarnock's son). They were attired in mediæval costumes of fawn-coloured silken hose and tabard, with cut steel trimmings, trunks, and puffed sleeves of cream-coloured silk, slashed with damask. Lord and Lady Cranbrook kindly gave up their town-house for the wedding-breakfast, after which the newly-married Duke and Duchess left Grosvenor-crescent for Welbeck Abbey, where they pass their honeymoon. The bride's travelling-dress was of grey Indian cashmere and silk, relieved with pink, the jacket being trimmed with steel and pearl embroidery.

The Prince of Wales

(whose good-humoured face was beaming with smiles when he left with the Princess for Paris last Saturday) presented his friend the Duke of Portland with a large silver cup as a wedding-gift; and Prince Albert Victor gave the Duke a silver-gilt sugar basin. Quite innumerable in these columns would be the other presents.

Welbeck Abbey,

as will be guessed from our Illustrations of this palatial yet singular country-seat of the Duke, must be a delightful honeymoon haunt. It will be remembered that the late Duke of Portland, who died in 1879 at the age of eighty, for many years lived as a recluse at Welbeck Abbey, where, to gratify his love for exclusion, a

Labyrinth of Subterranean Passages

and several apartments were built. So that if the present Duke and Duchess wish to ramble unobserved, they can do so at their own sweet will while at Welbeck. At one time, no less than two thousand workmen are estimated to have been employed in burrowing and decorating these underground walks and chambers. The nature of the tunnels is suggested in our Sketches on the front page. The subterranean "riding-school" is reached through one or two tunnelled passages, entrance being gained by a trap-door, which is opened by a curiously designed crank. The late Duke's unique "riding-school" has been transformed into a magnificent Art Museum, illuminated by four gaseliers, each weighing a ton. Many other underground chambers were excavated at immense cost.

Welbeck Abbey Itself,

the mansion to which the Duke of Portland bade his wife welcome on Tuesday, is a large semi-castellated house, built in 1604. The Drawings made by our Artist at Welbeck, with the aid of some photographs supplied by Mr. Robert White, printer and stationer, of Worksop, give a better notion than mere words would of the fine mansion and lake, and of the subterranean passages in which it was the whim of the late Duke to immure himself from the world. The young Duke and Duchess of Portland will be certain to make better use of Welbeck, the tenantry of which has jubilantly joined in the joyous greetings to the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Christie Murray,

who almost ranks now as a novelist of power with Wilkie Collins and the late Charles Reade, may well feel proud of the great compliment paid him on the 7th of June. At the farewell dinner given him at the Criterion, and presided over so genially and ably by Mr. Edmund Yates, who is generously quick to recognise talent, and is steadfastly true to his friends, the heartiest Godspeed was offered to Christie Murray on the eve of his departure on a lecturing trip to Australia. He has moving adventures by flood and field to tell of. A pleasant voyage, good fortune, and safe return, Christie!

Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., Secretary for War, will speak at the Unionist demonstration in Brocklesby Park on July 13.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

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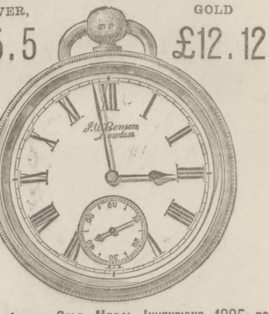

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Description—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, of BEST LONDON MAKE, with Chronometer Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from Dust and Damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of, any Watch made.
Thousands of Testimonials from Wearers in all parts of the world.
Made in Four Sizes:—Ladies.
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Working Men generally; and
Specially large and strong for Miners and Railway-men.
In extra Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-carat Gold Crystal Glass Dome Cases, £12 12s. Lady's size, £10 10s.

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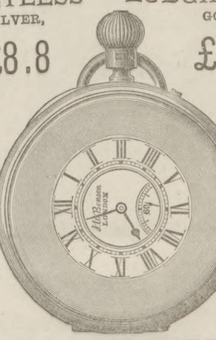

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Three-quarter Plate Movement, of our Best London Make.
STRONG KEYLESS ACTION.
In compliance with numerous demands for the "Ludgate" Watch *with keyless action*, we have specially designed the above (as shown in the Illustration), which combines all the advantages of the former together with the undoubted convenience of the keyless mechanism.
Jewelled throughout. True Chronometer Balance. Patent Protection from dust and damp. In Massive Sterling Silver hall-marked Dome Cases, engine-turned or polished, in strong Crystal Glass, Hunting, or Half-Hunting Cases, £8 8s.; or in heavy 18-carat Gold Cases, £20.
An ILLUSTRATED BOOK, explaining the advantages of the "LUDGATE" ENGLISH LEVER over the ordinary Lever Watches, post-free on application. Also Pamphlets on WATCHES (from £2 2s. to £250), CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE.
WATCHES SENT FREE, AT OUR RISK, TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
J. W. BENSON,
Sole Maker,
STEAM FACTORY,
62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.;
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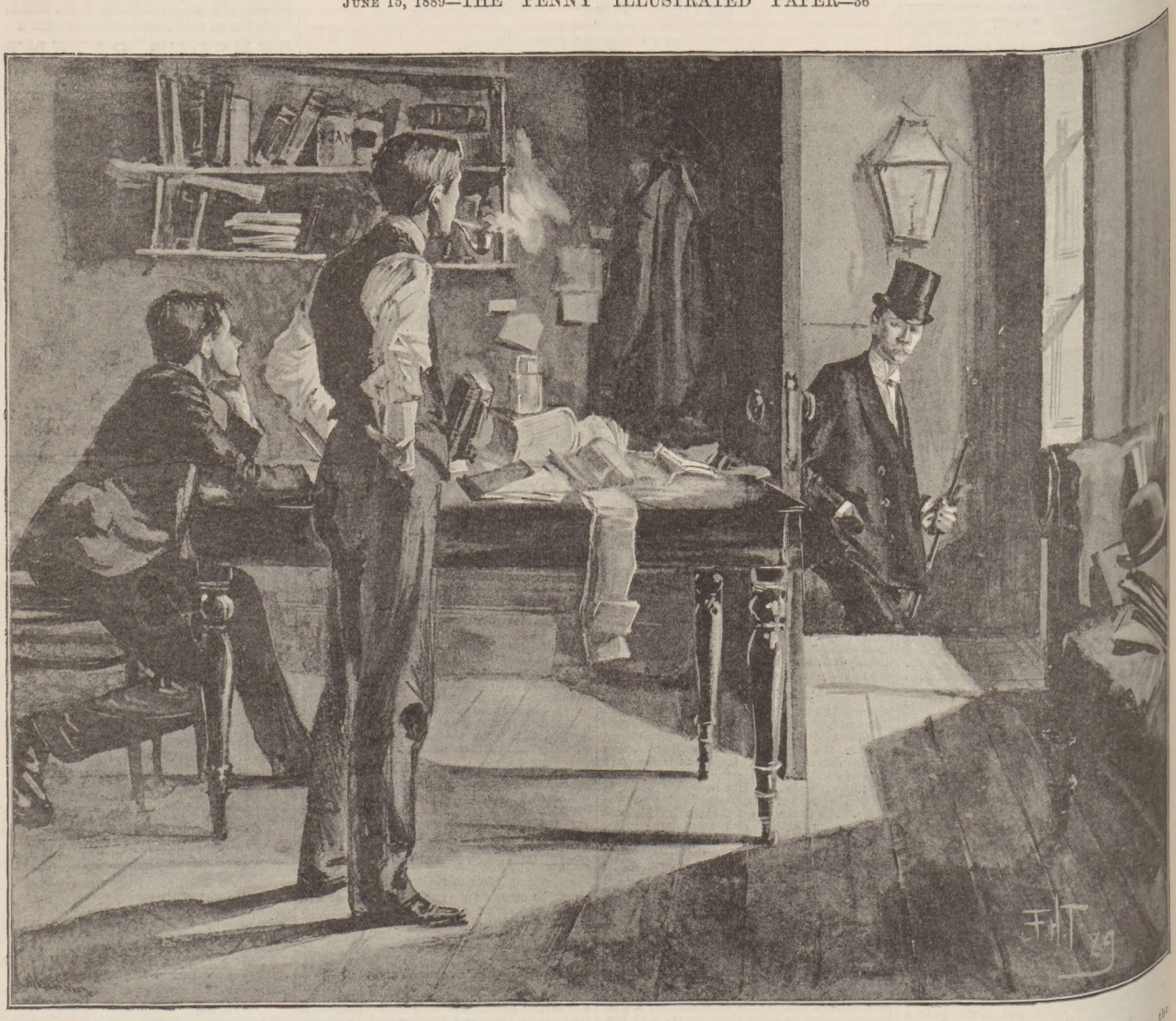
25, OLD BOND-STREET, W., LONDON.
WATCH CLUBS established under J. W. Benson's system are most beneficial both to Members and Secretaries. Applications desired from Foremen, Insurance Agents, and others to form Clubs.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

An imposing meeting in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes took place last Monday evening in the fine hall of the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, which forms one of the many institutions connected with Dr. Barnardo's work. About 3300 persons were present, including 700 choristers picked from among the 3100 children in the Homes. The chief object of the gathering was to bid farewell to 121 boys who on Thursday will depart for Canada, making 4120 children who have emigrated from the Homes since their foundation, twenty-two years ago. Twenty of the boys are going to the institution's farm in Manitoba. Conducted by Mr. J. Proudman, the choristers of Monday evening sang a large number of pieces very agreeably. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Barnardo (who presided), the Rev. Dr. Davidson, the Rev. W. H. Langhorne, the Rev. Dr. Dixon, and Mr. Howland, of Toronto.

The Storm off Kent.—Reports from the Kentish coast to-day show that Monday's storm caused immense damage to fishing-smacks at Whitstable and Herne Bay. Scores of boats at each place foundered. Large sums of money must be spent in order to repair the damage.



"We'll pull up a bit. Here's the chops." "It isn't chops," said Ralph. "It's I, Dick."

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER III.

RALPH did not find getting to sleep so easy a business as he had anticipated, and after tossing and turning for some time in vain search for an easy posture, finally arose and lit a candle and a cigarette. Those who have had secret troubles—and who has not?—know that the calm silence of the night, when more favoured mortals are snoring about them in peaceful slumber, is the time at which their hidden burden becomes most unendurably heavy. Those black thoughts which have been held at arm's length by the pleasures or occupations of the day have patiently bided their time, and now that the weary mind would so gladly seek the release of sleep assert their claim to consideration.

There was matter enough in his wife's letter and in the thoughts it evoked to keep Ralph broad awake till dawn. He was of a temperament which some people profess to envy, and possessed a carefully-cultivated power of throwing aside troubles of all kind in detail, and refusing to look at them. Unfortunately, troubles so treated go on unremarked, increasing in bulk with frightful rapidity, until they attain such proportions that they must and will be looked at; and when at last they have compelled the attention of the unhappy sinner, fairly frighten him by their unsuspected development. Ralph had long recognised, in a vague kind of fashion, that his affairs generally were in a bad state, but never until this night had he known by what an impassable quagmire of difficulties he was surrounded.

To begin with, he was actually and completely without money, and very heavily in debt. He had been in that condition for some time, and had not found it so very hard to bear, being already, young as he was, a master of those arts by which men so situated somehow manage to live in decent comfort. Those arts were beginning to fail, and but for that providential idea of coming down to Becksford and keeping Tom company he would by this time have been as badly off as his wife herself. Another man might have turned the respite thus gained to useful ends by devising some means whereby to meet the future; but Ralph, in his customary happy-go-lucky style, had settled down in clover, and had let the future take care of itself. Life was delightfully easy at Becksford; though his duns had begun to find him out, and could not be expected long to confine their annoyances to requests for payment transmitted by the agency of the post. Tom had repeatedly expressed his gratitude for his society, and Ralph had quite made up his mind not to let his cousin's sense of obligation evaporate in mere words. His rosiest visions had never carried him so far into the realms of comfort at Tom's expense as Tom had that very evening proposed to do, and had Ralph been aware of the plan his cousin had arranged with Arkinstall, his reflections would have been less bitter, though he would still have had cause enough for black forebodings.

Men who simply let themselves be guided by the stream of chance are constantly waking up in amazement to discover their actual whereabouts. Ralph had come down to Becksford with no other intent than to forget his worries in the enjoyment of his cousin's hospitality. There he had found his old playmate Elsie, and had renewed acquaintance with her, naturally and blamelessly, and had found her society charming, as any man with the slightest capacity for the admiration of the beautiful in woman must have done. Ralph had a great capacity in that way, and with him to talk to a woman was to make love to her. Love-making is a pleasant pastime; but insidious and uncertain. He had gone as far, or farther, with a score of girls before, and had always been able to find or make a way of escape, and no harm done to either party. Honestly, he had meant no wrong in flirting with Elsie. It was the first suspicion, gained from something in her manner, that the wrong was begun without his intending it, that had first made the flirtation at all a serious matter to him. He watched the girl closely, and his suspicion that she was beginning to take his light attentions seriously strengthened. Had he been an honest man, he would have gone away directly that suspicion changed to certainty. Not being an honest man, he stayed, and went on playing with fire till it scorched him. Had he been free, he might or might not have become seriously enamoured of his old childish companion; but to such a nature as his the mere fact that fruit is forbidden is the strongest of reasons for finding it desirable. He began to gird at the chain which bound him, and to think of what might have been if he had never so loaded himself, and to find Elsie's society the sweeter, the clearer the impossibility of long enjoying it became to him. A dozen times he would have found the courage to run away from temptation could he but have seen some haven to run to.

"I must get out of this," he told himself, as he stared at the candle-flame. "It's getting dangerous. I must find a fiver for Stasie, and go and stay with her for a day or two. Then I'll see what Tom's good for, and try and get something to do, and keep away from here. It's hard lines—damned hard lines!—but I've made my bed, and I must lie on it."

With that reflection he blew out the candle, and made another effort to get to sleep, as the first faint morning light began to filter through the blinds. He succeeded at last, and, worn out with long thinking, slept till the sun was high. Descending, he heard that his cousin had gone afield, and not sorry to miss him, made a pretence of breakfast, and betook himself to the station in time to catch the London train. Arrived at Charing-cross, he walked along the Strand to the Temple, and, mounting to the top of a staircase in Fountain-court, arrived before an open door. There was a sound of tramping feet from the room beyond, and a voice was heard declaiming slowly in a measured and pompous accent.

"The bloodstained figure grasping the dripping knife," declaimed the unseen voice, "is a symbol over which the rulers of this great Empire will do well long and patiently to ponder. Its significance is too obvious to be missed by the veteran student of Zoroaster's Almanack; but as it may to him only that it is our mission to appeal, as our circle of—of—illuminati—good work that, illuminati!—is being constantly recruited from the outer ranks of ignorance, and barbarism, we think well to append to it the explanation which the more trained and cultured intelligences"——

"That's tautological," interrupted a second voice.

"Tautological be hanged! D'ye think I'm going to write Ruskinese for Zoroaster, which the more trained and cultured intelligences of—of—Where was I? Ah, yes—which the more confound you, you've made me forget what I was going to say! How the devil is a man to keep up the prophetic afflatus if you will go on interrupting? Which the more trained and cultured intelligences of—of our own disciples will have already discovered by their own unaided acumen. Hullo!" the voice became suddenly commonplace and conversational at the sound of Ralph's foot upon the threshold. "We'll pull up for a bit. Here's the chops."

"It isn't chops," said Ralph. "It's I, Dick."

The room was almost bare of furniture, save for a couple of cane-seated chairs, a dilapidated horse-hair sofa, littered with books and manuscript, and a long table in similar condition, at which was seated a boy youth in spectacles, who sucked the tip of his penholder, and blinked at the newcomer. A

Young fellow in his shirtsleeves and with a pipe in his mouth, was marching from end to end of the room, flourishing a scrap of paper in his hand, and muttering phrases between his teeth in the intervals of declamation.

"How are you, my boy?" he said, in answer to Ralph's salutation. "Clear some of those things off the sofa, and sit down for a minute. I shall have finished directly. Where was I?"

"Their own unaided acumen," repeated the bony youth.

"How many words does that make?"

"Nine hundred."

"Another hundred and fifty wanted. Let's see," he rubbed up his hair as if to awaken to fuller life his prophetic faculties, and bent his eyes upon the paper in his hand, on which a hieroglyphic picture was printed. He rubbed his head anew, waved his arm, cleared his throat, and resumed his tramp about the room. "This awful and terror-striking figure—it looks like a pork butcher, gone potty in the exercise of his functions—symbolises WAR—put War in small caps.—But let our readers be of good cheer, the time is not yet. The greedy and rapacious policy—I'll throw something at you if you say a word"—the bony youth, who had raised his head, lowered it again with his mouth still open—"The greedy and rapacious policy of an unscrupulous and barbarous Power whose vast dominions neighbour our Oriental dependencies, has long awakened the most gloomy forebodings in the bosoms of our statesmen; but it is the happy privilege of ZOROASTER—small caps, Zoroaster—to comfort them with the assurance that the terrible figure grasping the dripping blade will not emerge from the obscurity in which he is dimly visible in this present year. Between him and his coveted victim stands the holy figure of the veiled genius by which our artist typifies PEACE—small caps, Peace.—Her star is yet in the ascendant, and her benignant counsels will still prevail for a time over the angry clamour of contending nations! That about fills up the quantum, I should think, eh?" The bony youth assented. Dick folded the manuscript, placed it in an envelope, and directed his subordinate to convey it to its address, and to wait for the money.

"Cash on delivery," he said. "Those were the terms. Who says that a prophet has no honour in his own country?"

"What does all this mean?" enquired Ralph.

The expected chops having arrived, Dick and attacked them with a hungry appetite, after dismissing his prophecies. He was a bright, active-looking young fellow, very like Ralph in personal appearance, but with an air of energy and resolve which the elder brother completely lacked.

"Never heard of 'Zoroaster's Almanack'?" he asked in return, talking as he ate, like a man with no time to waste. "It's run by old Bowser—Bowser's Universal Panacea, you know?—old party with a long beard and a bald head, wrestling with an eagle and a snake." London dead walls and hoardings had lately broken into a kind of pictorial measles with this device, and Ralph, recognising its description, nodded. "Bowser started the 'Almanack' as an advertisement for the Panacea a year or two ago, and engaged a fellow named Pringle—red-headed man with a squint—to do the prophecies. Pringle went along all right for a time, like sweet oil on a whetstone; but he seems to have ended by taking his prophetic functions *au sérieux*. He got religion—got it real bad—and joined the Salvation Army, and took to prophesying the most awful hogwash. Said the general was going to crack up, and that the United Christian States of Europe would be elected President of America. Bowser cried when he read it. He had paid Pringle in advance, and the beggar wouldn't alter a word. Said he was the messenger of Fate, and dared not trifle with the message entrusted to him. I was by when the row came off—it was in the Cock—and offered to give Bowser a set of decent prophecies for a fiver, cash down."

"Do you mean to say that anybody reads this stuff?" asked Ralph.

"Read it? I should think they did. 'Zoroaster' sells a quarter of a million a year, and the sale is rising. How do you feel, now you have got a prophet for a brother?"

"Not unendurably haughty, I hope. But it certainly sheds a lustre on the family."

"I've been thinking," said Dick, "of extending the business, and going in for other branches. Fortunes told by the hand and the cards, horoscopes and nativities cast with neatness and dispatch. Stolen property recovered. A large selection of carefully-selected prophecies on hand, warranted to suit any climate. Foreign and export orders punctually attended to by a Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple, own cousin to a Baronet. Might put up a neat board at the bottom of the staircase, and set Jones (Jones was the boy amanuensis) to distribute handbills, in extinguisher hat and a red robe, chastely decorated with the signs of the Zodiac. I'm afraid the Benchers might object."

Dismissing the radiant vision with a sigh, Dick relit his pipe, and stretched out his legs in luxurious anticipation of a spell of after-luncheon comfort. To keep himself in countenance, Ralph drew out a cigarette, and, as he smoked it, tried to arrange in his mind some method of naturally and easily broaching the object of his visit. These two had the sort of affection for each other common among brothers of nearly the same ages, and between boys who have fought and played and done their lessons together—that is to say, that either would have helped the other in any serious difficulty without question or scruple and to the best of his ability, and yet have been extremely callous regarding smaller troubles which did not affect himself. On one or two previous occasions Dick had not shrunk from pointing out to Ralph that for an elder brother to borrow of a younger was a most dire and unnatural reversal of established laws. When at such times Ralph had replied that his purse was always open to him in return, Dick had unkindly retorted to the effect that whether a purse which was perennially empty was open or shut didn't much matter to anybody. The question was an old one between them, and Ralph remembered an incident of their schooldays, which he had not thought of for years past, which inopportunely chose the present moment to recur to him. He had been singled out at morning class by the master as a living text wherefrom to preach a homily on the wickedness of indolence, and in the midst of his tortures had heard Dick murmur to a classmate—"Idle! Ralph idle! You should see his activity when there's a bob to be borrowed." Ralph felt that this unbrotherly epigram was just as true to-day as when it was spoken, and it seemed to choke him.

Dick did most of the talking, and seemed quite at his ease, although Ralph could not rid himself of an idea that he knew the object of his brother's visit, and was sardonically waiting for him to approach it. If he had wanted the money merely for himself he would have asked for it and have accepted his luck as it came; but the gravity of the need made him tremble for the success or failure of his application. Once Dick fairly offered him his chance, and in his nervous dread of a refusal he missed it.

"What's the matter with you to-day, old man? You seem out of sorts."

"Nothing. That is—I'm not very well. The heat, or—or something."

He sat fidgeting his limbs and cursing his stupidity during the rest of the interview, and answering "Yes" and "No" at hazard to Dick's fluent chatter, until Jones's return. The latter handed an envelope to his employer, who thrust it into his pocket as Ralph rose.

"Are you off?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ralph, "I must be going. An appointment." He shook hands, and then added with a sudden desperation: "Give me a word outside, Dick; I want to speak to you."

Dick followed him to the landing. Arrived there, Ralph shot a glance at his brother's face.

There was a sardonic waiting expression on Dick's face which Ralph had seen once or twice of late.

"Dick, old man," he said; "I'm awfully hard up."

"Do you know anybody who isn't?" asked his brother, with a change of expression in which "I thought as much" was plainly legible.

"I'm in a devil of a hole," continued Ralph. "It's really serious, or I wouldn't trouble you."

"My dear fellow," said Dick. "It's no use. I don't want to be nasty to anybody, but it's getting too thin. I'm working like a nigger, and with all I can do I can only just rub along. You've had a good deal out of me in the course of the last year or so."

"I know I have," said Ralph, contritely. He remained in miserable silence for a minute or so, while his brother stood with his hands in his pockets and shoulders uncompromisingly squared. "Look here, old fellow: it's real bad. It's as bad as it can be. You might give me a lift—I only want a pound or two. Hang it all, blood's thicker than water."

"So 's treacle," said Dick.

"Look here," said Ralph again, taking his wife's letter from his pocket. For one moment the real terror of his need almost inspired him to place it in his brother's hands, and make him a confidant of the whole miserable business. If he had obeyed that impulse, this story would never have been written. But it passed, and left him additionally troubled and confused. "Listen to this." He read the letter, with such alterations as he had arranged while coming up in the train, and Dick, watching him as he read, was really moved by his trembling voice and the emotion visible in his face.

"That's bad," said Dick. "But I don't see what claim the woman has on you."

"Well," said Ralph, "I used to know the poor thing, and"—— The flood of shame which had been steadily rising within him for the last few minutes seemed to reach his throat and choke him. He would not have begged so for himself, he felt, though it had been for a crust to save him from starvation, and there was enough of good-feeling left in his nature to make the implied lie about the woman for whom he was imploring alms veritable wormwood to him. He was not a loftily honourable man; but he had never before touched such a depth of shame as to beg bread for his wife while representing her to his brother as a cast-off mistress. It really was a most disagreeable necessity, and one cannot but feel sympathy for a gentleman reduced to so painful a strait.

Dick had suspected the general object of his brother's visit from the first moment of his appearance—not at all a difficult thing to do with his intimate knowledge of Ralph's ways and manners—and had quite made up his mind as to the answer he would make. This gorgeously-apparelled elder brother, who never did anything, and passed luxurious days under the shadow of his neighbour's vine and fig-tree, was beginning to exasperate the industrious Dick, and he had steeled his breast sufficiently to resist any amount of persuasive eloquence. But he had not counted on having his feelings harrowed in this fashion, and the poor girl's letter, with its unquestionable tone of pitiable truth, moved him profoundly. He had never seen Ralph so stirred before, either, and began to have a better opinion of that scapegrace, finding him thus unexpectedly capable of pitying the woes of others. So, one resolute fist came out of its retreat, and after rubbing his head in a rather peevish and perplexed fashion, went to his waistcoat pocket. Perhaps he had counted on the fiver he had earned by the exercise of his prophetic talents to defray some pleasure or necessity of his own; but he handed it over to Ralph, and swallowed the bitter pill with as smooth a face as he could summon at such short notice.

"By Gad, Dick," said the latter, with a flash of actual moisture in his eyes, "what a good fellow you are! You shall have it back, and the rest too, every penny. I swear you shall. Every penny!"

"All right, old chap," said Dick, with a rather queer expression. "Don't say any more about it. I hope the little woman will pull through her troubles."

(To be continued.)

OUTLINE OF MR. FRANK BRAMLEY'S ACADEMY PICTURE, "SAVED."

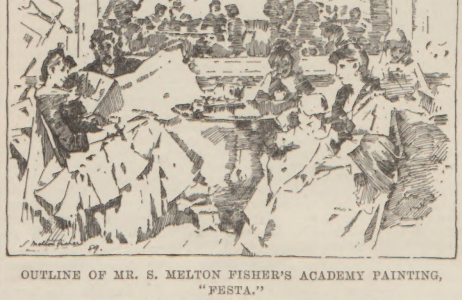
From Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes."

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

I SPOKE last week of the work of S. Melton Fisher and Frank Bramley at the Academy. This week I am glad to be able to give an example of each artist. The "Festa" of Mr. Fisher is a very clever study in the Caffé Orientale, in Venice, the caffé on the Riva where the tourist seldom goes as he does to Florian's and the Quadri in the Piazza, but where artists love to congregate. In the foreground are tables and a few figures, as well rendered as any in Mr. Logsdail's best Venetian work, while beyond you look into the mirror at the back of the room, in which are reflected not only all the people in the caffé, but those who are passing on the Riva, the boats on the laguna and the church of San Giorgio in the distance. In Frank Bramley's "Saved," to which in the catalogue these lines are tagged on—

Oft in a humble home
A golden room is found—

there is an excellent rendering of firelight and daylight. The picture tells its own story.



OUTLINE OF MR. S. MELTON FISHER'S ACADEMY PAINTING, "FESTA."

From Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes."

The most prominent place in the printsellers' windows just now is given to the photogravure of Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Shrine of Venus," published by the Berlin Photographic Company. The copy is exactly the same size as the original, and perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with it is the excellence of the reproduction. The painting is recalled well by this process, and, to my surprise, even one, at least, of the critics thinks the effect of Mr. Tadema's famous marble better in black-and-white than in the picture itself. The purists who object to photographic methods of reproduction would find it difficult to explain wherein, in this case, an engraving would have been superior to the photogravure.

In Deighton's window at Charing-cross there is a very good etching by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. Have you stopped to look at it? It is called "The Highway of Nations." Only 250 impressions are for sale, but it does not need the factitious value of rarity. There is a good strong effect in the great barges in the foreground, while the river, with its mass of shipping and the smoke hovering above, is well expressed without unnecessary elaboration. If you compare it with some of the other etchings in the same window, you cannot fail to see how much better it is. Some of Mr. Wyllie's finest Thames work has been done in black-and-white. It is only a few years since he published, in the *Magazine of Art*, pen-drawings of the river; that called "Toil, Glitter, and Grime of the Thames" being specially notable.

The leading art article in the illustrated magazines this month, because of its personal interest, is Mr. Henry James's "Our Artists in Europe," in *Harper's*. It is a sketch of the artists whose names for long have been associated with that periodical, first of all the little Broadway group, and then Mr. Boughton, who always figures conspicuously in the Christmas Number, and Mr. Charles S. Reinhart, whose head-quarters are in Paris.

Additional value is given to the article by the fact that it and several others in the same magazine are illustrated by two or three of "Our Artists," and thus the most casual reader has a chance to see if the praise bestowed upon them is deserved. Of late years all Mr. Abbey's work has been done in black-and-white, and it has been first exhibited in the pages of *Harper*. Read what Mr. James has to say about him, and then look for the "truth and poetry," the imagination and technique of his delightful illustrations to Praed's "Quince," one of which appears as frontispiece. As a pen-draughtsman, Mr. Abbey has few equals. Mr. Alfred Parsons, who does so much work with him—in the "Old Songs" and "She Stoops to Conquer," for example—has made the drawings of Broadway, and the old house where they and Mr. Frank Millett and Mr. Sargent spend their summers; while there is a strong and clever charcoal sketch of Mr. Abbey by the latter.

I do not think Mr. James quite appreciates Mr. Reinhart. He can find for him but faint-hearted praise. Mr. Reinhart's drawings may not have the great charm and grace of Mr. Abbey's, but they are always strong and vigorous, while he has a perfect command of technique, whether he works with a pen or a brush.

In the June *Century*, one of Spinello's frescoes in the Campo Santo, Pisa, is the subject of the engraving in the wonderful series Mr. Cole is contributing to this magazine. And an article of more than usual artistic interest is one on Corot, the great French master of landscape. A pen-drawing portrait of him by Mr. Wyatt Eaton shows him in his blouse, his pipe in his mouth, at work in the forest. There are also several very good engravings from his pictures. In "Landscape with Cattle," page 261, the great softness of his work is specially well rendered, and both full-page illustrations are well worth cutting out and framing.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

The Queen has gone to Balmoral, but returns to Windsor at the end of the month to assist at the christening of Princess Beatrice's baby. Her Majesty will receive the Shah on July 3. It is anticipated that the visit of the Persian Monarch will cost the country £25,000.

The Emperor William, on the other hand, bids fair to become the most popular German who has visited our shores for a long time. His Imperial Majesty will not put the country to one penny of expense, as he proposes to live on board his yacht during his eight days' visit, which commences on July 25.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, have been spending a week in Paris. Their Royal Highnesses have travelled incognito, their object being to show the Exhibition to their children, and to view the wondrous Eiffel Tower themselves.

Lord Salisbury will, it is stated, visit the East-end of London on July 16, under the auspices of the National Union of Conservative Associations. He will address the leading workers in the seven divisions of the Tower Hamlets and North and South West Ham in Beaumont Hall, Mile-end.

Mr. Gladstone appears to have enjoyed his Whitsuntide "holiday." In Hampshire he has been the guest of Sir William Harcourt, and of his Unionist friend, Mr. Evelyn Ashley, at Broadlands. In Dorset and Devon the people were enthusiastic in their welcome. On Saturday he was at Weymouth, where he addressed a demonstration of Liberals on the Esplanade. He then drove to Portland, where he embarked on board Mrs. Eliot Yorke's yacht, the Garland, for Dartmouth. Sunday was spent at Dartmouth, and on Monday the right hon. gentleman visited Torquay, where he addressed an audience of 3000 people. As he passed through the decorated Torquay streets, the Conservatives of the Constitutional Club raised their hats and respectfully saluted Mr. Gladstone.

A Coroner's jury has brought in a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Mrs. Maybrick, who is charged with administering poison to her husband at Liverpool. According to the evidence of an analyst, arsenic was found in the food and medicine of the unfortunate man.

The Johnstown floods in America are now estimated to have involved the loss of between 12,000 and 15,000 lives. The melancholy work of clearing the wreck and recovering the bodies is employing over 6000 persons, and rebuilding has commenced in many places. A subscription has been raised throughout the States, and also in Paris. New York and Philadelphia have between them already contributed more than £250,000.

In England we have to be content with more modest sensations. A severe storm, accompanied by unparalleled lightning, swept over London on the 6th inst. The following day it visited some of the provinces. At Edmonton the water was on a level with the counter in some of the shops, and casks were floating in the tradesmen's cellars.

Further discoveries of human remains, forming part of the body to which the portions taken from the Thames the other day, have just been made. A parcel has been found in Battersea Park containing the lower half of the trunk, minus that part which was picked up at Horselydown, while another package was fished out of the river off Covington's Wharf, Battersea, in which was the upper part of the trunk. All these remains correspond with one another. The police have received information leading them to believe that the body was that of a young woman, a native of Oxford, who came to London some time ago to enter the service of a good family.

Yet another mishap with the Alexandra Palace parachutists. This time it is the turn of Mr. Williams, the partner of Mr. Young, who came to grief the other day. This performer ascended beneath his hot-air balloon with the intention of making the usual descent by means of the parachute. It was soon seen that something had gone wrong, for, instead of a parachute descent, the balloon was found to be coming down also. Meanwhile Mr. Williams disappeared beyond some trees in the direction of Highgate, where it was ascertained he had dropped on the roof of the Local Board offices. From this position he was released uninjured. Baldwin meanwhile goes up two or three times a week with impunity. It is almost time that the too exhilarating exhibition was stopped.

An exciting parachute descent was witnessed at Hastings on Monday afternoon, the aeronaut being Mr. Charles Spencer, lately returned from India. The ascent by balloon was made from the cricket and recreation-ground, in the presence of some thousands of persons assembled on the West Hill. The altitude attained was stated to be 5300 ft., and then Mr. Spencer let go. There was a fresh wind blowing from the north, and, amid intense excitement, he drifted rapidly towards the shore, which was but 300 yards distant. Still at a considerable altitude, he passed out to sea, and eventually descended to the water, nearly half a mile from land, to the south-east of the Hastings Pier, the parade, beach, and pier being thronged with people. He was kept afloat by a life-buoy until picked up in a few minutes by a small boat. He was taken to the pier, and drove back to the recreation-ground, where he was received with cheers.

An exciting scene was witnessed in High Holborn on Saturday afternoon. A gentleman was proceeding along the street in the direction of the City on a tricycle, when a woman rushed from the pavement and deliberately overturned the machine. The rider was thrown violently to the ground, and before the driver of a 'bus just behind him had time to pull up, the heavy vehicle passed over the prostrate tricyclist. He was at once conveyed to the hospital in a cab, the woman being arrested and conveyed to Bow-street. The gentleman is said to be in a very serious condition.

Eccentric ladies are not the only enemies of cyclists. On Monday afternoon, as Mr. Edward Phillips, of 19, Butchers'-row, Edmonton, was riding a bicycle along the Green Lanes in the direction of Finsbury Park, he met a party of roughs, said to be from the Hornsey Potteries, two of whom overturned his machine, throwing the rider beneath the wheels of a passing Wood-green omnibus. He was run over, and both his legs were broken. The unfortunate gentleman was picked up by some passers-by, and placed in a private carriage which happened to come up at the moment and conveyed to the hospital. It is stated that the names of some of the assailants are known.

Whilst General Boulanger has been busy as a diner-out in London, his friends are getting into trouble in Paris. The police have just seized a box of the General's correspondence, containing several thousands of private letters, carefully arranged and docketed, written to General Boulanger by the leaders of his party, and also by Government officials and Civil servants: and also a deal box, fourteen inches long and eight high, packed with visiting cards from officials, officers, and private persons.

Rome has been making merry at the unveiling of the statue of Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher, who was burnt by the Inquisition A.D. 1600. Over 400 telegrams were sent to the Pope deploring the celebration.

While ascending the Rigi Railway on Monday, a tourist grew nervous, and leaped out of the train just before crossing a deep gorge; he slipped over an embankment, and was killed. Moral: don't go up the Rigi by the railway. It is much greater fun going up by the footpath, the whole length of which is as safe as a country road. A railway up a mountain is a monstrosity. They have just constructed a cog-wheel railway up Mount Pilatus, that gloomy Swiss mountain which towers above the Rigi from the opposite side of the lovely Lucerne lake.

The Derby is not the only meeting where people are relieved of superfluous property. The list of articles stolen from the person at the Calais fêtes has been published. It includes eleven purses, ten watches, eight watch-chains, some trinkets, and a case containing three 100f. notes. One visitor lost 1500f.

Dr. Bruce Lawes was sent down by the Local Government Board to investigate the cause of the deaths of twenty children from croup and diphtheria at Darton, near Barnsley, and has given it as his opinion that in three cases the disease had been communicated by cats going from house to house. It is understood that he will make a formal report to the Local Government Board in due course. In a matter of such importance the evidence will be closely scrutinised. Some ladies will watch the case on behalf of their children, and others on behalf of their cats.

The fiat has gone forth that the initial salary for the Civil Service clerks will henceforth be £70 per annum and not £95 as heretofore. As this will probably be accompanied by a slower promotion, and a less generous scheme of pensions, it is necessary to give parents who contemplate her Majesty's service for their sons, the advice given by Mr. *Punch* to young people about to marry: "Don't!"

Two hundred English Mormons, mostly women, are now en route for the Salt Lake City.

A retired farmer named Richard Davies committed suicide by jumping from a railway bridge spanning the Ogmore Valley, South Wales, on Saturday. He is known to have lost heavily on the turf, and this fact is supposed to have led to the act.

No fewer than three prize-fights were decided in the vicinity of London on Saturday. The most important, which was for a stake of £50, was, it is said, decided "at the residence of a well-known nobleman," in the presence of a small but aristocratic company. The opponents were T. Walker and J. Hoare, who fought twenty-two desperate rounds, which occupied an hour and twenty-five minutes, at the end of which time Walker was declared the winner, Hoare being so badly punished that he remained unconscious for about a quarter of an hour after the conclusion of the contest. The second encounter was brought off near Aldershott in the presence of about eighty people, and was between a black named Davenport and a pugilist named Thoroughgood; Davenport winning the stakes, £50, after nineteen rounds, which occupied fifty-five minutes. In the third contest, A. Evans and J. Whitehead were the opponents, the former winning after eleven rounds, which lasted forty-six minutes.

The will of the late Duchess of Cambridge has just been proved at £159,000 personalty. The whole of the money, says the *Echo*, was derived from the taxpayers of England, but not a sixpence appears to be bequeathed for any public purpose.

Amongst the contemplated "birthday honours" was a knighthood to Mr. George Augustus Sala, which was, however, declined. The remarkable literary ability of Mr. Sala, his rare gifts of impressive oratory, and his eminence as a journalistic leader-writer, would in America have won for him Ambassadorial rank.

In December, 1887, Lord Durham made a speech at the Gimcrack Club, at York, in which, without mentioning any particular person by name, he alleged that a certain member of the Jockey Club did unfairly run horses on the turf. This was generally assumed to refer to Sir George Chetwynd, and Lord Durham did, in effect, acknowledge that it was to Sir George Chetwynd that he referred. At the Royal Courts of Justice, on the Bank Holiday, the question in dispute was submitted to arbitration, the referees being the Right Hon. James Lowther, the Earl of March, and Prince Soltykoff. An interesting examination of Sir George Chetwynd followed a speech by Sir Henry James. Both plaintiff and his counsel were very emphatic in denying the imputation that Sir George ran horses without backing them, knowing they would not win. Sir Charles Russell, whose work at the Parnell Commission is well nigh over, is counsel for the Earl of Durham.

A special matinee performance will be given by Miss Grace Hawthorne at the Princess's Theatre, on June 25, for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital. She will revive Mr. Richard Davey's "Paul and Virginia."

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

THE RACING WORLD

DONOVAN'S DERBY

and l'Abbesse de Jouarre's Oaks were the last of a series of three-year-old races, the former open, the latter for fillies only. Next year we start on quite different lines. Instead of a sweepstakes for owners' money only, and of uncertain value, both Derby and Oaks will be for stated sums, towards which the subscription will be smaller and liability also.

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In remodelling them on the latest fashion the management did not act spontaneously. They practically had no choice between making some sort of effort to place the time-honoured institution on better terms to compete with new style big plates. Whether their new scheme will answer remains to be seen. If it does, or fails, the success or failure will not be apparent for some years, because anniversaries of Derbies and Oaks are celebrated by so large a proportion of the public far more as occasions for outdoor holiday-making than because of the sport supposed to constitute the paramount attraction. Last week showed no falling off in patronage—rather the other way, in fact, was the general verdict of those who paid a great deal to see very little, which was the average lot of tenants of the stands and rings. I thought that there were fewer folk outside on the Oaks afternoon than on some recent Epsom Summer Meeting Fridays. There was nothing of the sort, though, inside, for the crush in the rings and stand was as great, and I may add as dangerous, as on Derby Day.

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To show how small is public interest in these big races as purely sporting events, it would be amusing to follow up inquiry among the first hundred people discoverable in the carriages near the rails or on "the hill" as to what were the conditions of the Derby or Oaks run on the afternoon of cross-examination. Do you suppose that 10 per cent could tell whether it was a big race or not, or what each nomination cost? Would 1 per cent be aware of the impending alteration in the two races' estate? Verily on the latter score I do not believe you could find one per thousand who had ever given the matter a moment's attention. That may sound strange, but not so remarkable as the ignorance of plenty of racing men on the history of the contest, which used to be accepted and quoted as the event of the year. A list of the changes in conditions from its early days—as now a Biennial, and again Triennial, with alterations in courses and weights—would surprise anyone who had not studiously followed the course of the institution.

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Fashion has decreed that the ladies should claim Friday for their own out of the four days of the meeting. The Clerk, or Clerks of the Weather—how do we know but that official is permanent and perennial also?—rule it that Friday should be wet and generally unpleasant. Believers in the sex's contrariness, as the ungallant call their strength of mind in disregarding reasonable probabilities, declare that the very fact of Friday's being so unlucky a day for weather constitutes the major inducement for them to sally forth arrayed in all their glory to risk ruin to toilettes from the weather. A fair proportion of the noble army of lady visitors do not risk much, because they have secured places in the tiers of boxes in the stand, for which fearfully steep charges are made. This year a great number of those which are not regularly rented from year to year were occupied by parties of American and Australian sportsmen, who with unanimous severity denounced our racing arrangements as compared with their own. Well may Australians speak disparagingly of our race-course accommodation, or what takes its place, and the prices charged. We have not in all England a course with all accessories set forth to compare with Flemington, Melbourne's race establishment. There you have ring, paddock, grand stands, lawns, luncheon sheds, band lawn, and the rest all en suite. The noise of the ring does not annoy those who dislike its roar and turmoil because the space set apart for public betting is a long way off the terraced seats from which spectators view the racing. I might give in detail the various advantages of each department at Flemington over Epsom. Kindly take that as done wholesale, and then swallow this crowning merit—viz., that admission to the whole lot is covered in one payment of half-a-guinea or half-a-sovereign. Why, you cannot get into one of our paddocks for that money, and it costs about a fiver to provide a lady with a place in which she will not have to rough it.

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Lord Randolph Churchill, who dearly loves the celebrity which his adversaries sometimes write notoriety, missed a great opportunity of posing as a popular character when he went off to Norway fishing. Had he stayed here to see how his mare L'Abbesse de Jouarre got on he would have come in for all the enthusiastic recognition which is the lot of every owner of a Derby or Oaks winner who does not happen to be absolutely disliked by the masses. His victory—or rather, the mare's—was not relished much by backers of all classes. Public form did not recommend her to their notice; and those who knew what her private trial was were all the less inclined to go for her. She finished last of three when tried.

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Philomel, first favourite, was, according to that, bound to go close for the Manchester Cup, and on this trial became the great favourite we saw her for the big handicap at New Barns. Many on hearing the grounds for making Philomel so warm declined to profit by the good thing, alleging that the best of the Oaks fillies is not good enough to try a decent class handicap horse. There may be more than a suspicion of truth in this theory; and it will perhaps also turn out that the Abbess is not really the best of the three-year-old young ladies. Sweetbriar is most distinctly the best looking of the lot, and valid excuse is forthcoming for her indifferent display on Friday. Wishing Gate's owner, Mr. J. V. Lawrence, the head of the Jockey Club's staff of ring-keepers, &c., no doubt now regrets giving orders to Rickaby to force the pace with Wishing Gate. She raced ahead of her field till she had raced herself hopelessly beaten. Wishing Gate, like Sweetbriar, has a better day to come. As for Minthe, she appeared to be beaten solely through Webb not coming with her earlier, or, at any rate, owing to his lying off quite so far. When Fred asked her to make up the many lengths between her and L'Abbesse de Jouarre she responded to the call most heartily. She seemed to be bearing down on Lord Randolph's mare with certainty of beating her if once she got "upsides," as the Nottingham folk say, with the other. But she was set to do too much at a stroke almost. When she raced up to the leader's girths, and her longer stride was telling, Webb was obliged to steady her for yet another spurt to get back the remaining advantage. He waited a little—there is not time to dwell much when you are within a hundred yards of the winning-post, with thoroughbreds racing—and then pushed the mare hard again. She had a try, but all her go was out of her; and, in her finishing strides did not race in as gamely as she did before. Perhaps the true reason for that was that she was beaten.

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Nearly all the money won by backers early in the week went back to the bookmakers on the Friday, which so frequently is a black one for the gentlemen. They had a shock, too, in another weight-for-age race—the Acorn Stakes. His Grace of Portland's Semolina, half-sister, by his own horse St. Simon, to Donovan out of Mowerina, was backed at long odds (nearly 6 to 1) to win. She did win; but a perfect yell of despair went up from backers, and shouts of satisfaction from the fielders, when, 300 yards from the finish, she was found to be in difficulties, and Fred Barrett hard at work on her to prevent his brother George, on Mr. Macksey's Erica, beating him, when once he did get ahead. Fred Barrett never ceased pushing the Brocklesby Stakes' winner to make sure of getting home.

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In years gone by there would have been a big market on two-year-olds for the next year's Derby long before the three-year-olds had raced and the current year's hero or heroine of the Blue Riband had been discovered. As for Ascot, which I need not mention is due for next week, thousands and thousands would have been put on two or three youngsters for the succeeding year's race, not to mention that speculators with yearling books would be laying against juveniles who had two seasons before them ere fulfilling Derby engagements. No one of his age had more to do with early betting and Derbies than Captain Machell, who thought on Thursday he should win the last three races on the card. The Captain carried off the final penultimate affairs, but was beaten in the Surrey Breeders' Foal Stakes with Lord Calthorpe's Marcheri, who could not defeat Baron de Rothschild's Heaume. Marcheri I mention now because he is handsome enough, and well enough bred, to win anything, and is improving so fast that readers should keep him in remembrance for future events. As for Heaume, no doubt in him we have the favourite for the 1890 Derby betting, unless some of the young ones at present waiting to make their début on a racecourse are quite as good as their trainers fancy they are. It would make amends to Fred Barrett were he next year to be able to carry off a Derby for the Baron, and beat the Duke of Portland's champion two-year-old. His luck in being off Donovan and on Morglay was hard, decidedly. Fortune's wheel might bring compensation in this way, and as regards the Duke of Portland and a third Derby in succession, surely his Grace has had luck enough. Besides, if he has not something a goodish bit better than Semolina, who is on the small side, George Dawson will not be very dangerous next year—at least, I think not.

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By way of getting a little rest and quiet after the rush and crush of Epsom, and preparing for the Manchester on the Wednesday, not a few of our

POPULAR PARIS ARTISTES: No. I.

MADAME DEGRANDI AS CARMELINA IN "LA CIGALE MADRILENE," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

sportsmen made for the other side of the Channel on Saturday, to assist at Auteuil Steeplechases and hurdle-races. A great deal had been said about the kindly way in which English horses had been treated in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, and the disinterestedness with which that grand prize of £3780 was put at our mercy. Perhaps but for accidents, which are all in the day's work in jumping races, one of our competiters might have proved successful; as it was Le Torpilleur, a thoroughly French bred four-year-old, ridden by a French jockey, won, with an English horse, The Sikh (Captain E. Rowan) second, and Fairfax, another Frenchman, third.

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Among the runners were Voluptuary, Bellona, Royal Meath (the Irish champion), Clover, Chippeway (who broke down while going well, but after a fall), and Lord Chatham. A lot of money was sent over by the Irishmen for Royal Meath.

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The English ranks would have been recruited more strongly for Wednesday's Great Hurdle-Race of 100 sovs. each, 2 forfeit only if declared, with £2000 added, but for the rough weather. Still, the British division was very strongly in evidence, as well they might be with a majority of the horses owned on this side. So long back as Lewes Meeting some of the gees were tried for this race at Mr. Heasman's. Winning or losing meant a lot of difference to punters on this side.

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Perhaps we shall not hear the one-sided sportsmen—the French, who always want things all their own way—grumble so much about letting foreigners take their money after Le Torpilleur's win. It was proposed to bar English horses for the great French flat-race, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the proposition was nearly being adopted. Then a rider was added which would have shut us out of the jumping events, which, except the Grand Prix de Paris, are practically the only ones open to us. The policy—supposed to be suggested by Mr. Craven's prohibition rule concerning French horses in English handicaps—would have been as sensible as the oft-quoted cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

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Little attention is given in the South to the Northumberland Plate, which bears a most unsavoury reputation, for crosses, double crosses, pullings, ropeings, milkings, and the rest. Our people have quite tired of it, and if they wager at all, do not care to take any risks till close on the day of the race. In the North, though, the case is different. Newcastle betting begins with the entries and continues up to the fall of the flag, something like it used, though not on the old scale, because, in the first place, backers know more than they used, and secondly, money is not so plentiful among the iron and coal workers as formerly.

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I regret to hear of the death of Mr. John Mumford, the well-known trainer of Exning, two miles from Newmarket. Poor Mumford suffered from cancer, and no hope of saving his life was really cherished after the disease's presence had declared itself. Poor John may be said to have died in harness. He was looking after the horses under his care quite up to the last. I met him at last Newmarket meeting, when, though he looked dreadfully ill, he would get out to see to things a bit. His son William will, I believe, carry on the training business. John Mumford, who began as a steeplechase jockey, and had a long and successful career across country and over hurdles, was E. Martin's father-in-law.

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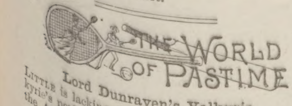
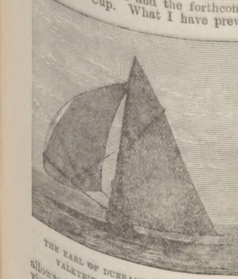
Bank holiday meetings at Kempton Park generally mean grand profit to the company when rain does not mean ruin to Bank holiday-makers' plans for enjoyment. Sunbury's pastures, as they are called by reporters for want of an easily selected longer style or title, present a sight most gratifying alike to the proprietory and the good fellows or sportsmen when the thousands are assembled in St. Lubbockian good times. He must be a very misanthropical misanthrope, indeed, who can view the scene at Kempton on a wet Bank holiday and not regret the mony mickle vexations of the good folk who so seldom get a day and the mony mickles which aggregate to such a mighty muckle. Fortunately, Monday, though trying, was not altogether bad, and, though the receipts suffered, visitors were able to pull through without extreme discomfort.



Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie.

LITTLE is lacking to maintain the interest in Valkyrie's performances and the forthcoming race for the America Cup. What I have previously hinted at is now generally accepted, viz., that Valkyrie is not a heavy weather boat. In light winds she is not to be approached by anything we have on this side; but in a strong wind Irex is able to more than give her her time allowance.



THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S NEW YACHT VALKYRIE, WITH SPINNAKER SET.

According to the American yachtsmen's view, this is the worst that could happen, for they regard Irex as an old and slow boat, and so a very unreliable pace-maker. This view is scarcely shared by English judges; whilst certain it is that the races with Irex have shown up Valkyrie's weak points.

I mentioned that some judges thought that Valkyrie would be better with a centre-board. Those who were of this way of thinking have had their views strengthened by the recent racing; but it by no means follows that Lord Dunraven will take their advice. As is known, provision was made, in the building of Valkyrie, whereby a portion of her keel could be knocked out to allow space for a centre-board to pass. So no great violation to the designer's plans would be committed if, some day, a drop-keel were introduced.

On the 17th, Valkyrie sails at Queenstown, and the racing there will be watched with the liveliest interest, as of course a new boat, like Valkyrie, takes time to settle down to her sailing, which her two formidable opponents, Irex and Yarana, have done long, in one case very long, ago.

The International Match.

Another event which keeps the matter alive is the arrival of an emissary from the New York Yacht Club, to discuss with the representatives of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the terms upon which the cup is to be held in future. This can only be construed into a strong desire of the New York Yacht Club to have everything conducted in the most amicable manner. Looking deeper still beneath the surface, it is also perceivable that the Americans do not altogether ignore the possibility of the cup changing hands; and what they want to secure is the absolute right to send over a centre-board to try and win it back with. Our present rules do not bar centre-boards, but there is no guarantee, the Americans say, that we may not go back to our old rule on the matter, which stipulated for fixed keels.

The Launching of the "Racing Lugger" Paradox

(a felicitous christening that) at Eastbourne on Saturday has made many people excited. Paradox is a seventy-footer, and will have an enormous spread of sail, but what influence she can have on this year's race for the America Cup I fail to see, since challenges must be sent in by April 1 in each year. Yet we are gravely told that she will, in all probability, represent England in the contest. I wonder what Cowes and the Clyde say to a racing-yacht from Eastbourne!

CRICKET.

Last week was very nearly being given over to the batsmen, the fine weather making wickets easy. In spite of the big scores of younger men, amongst them 145 by Peel and 105 by Barnes, it is not too much to say that the general public were most interested in Mr. W. G. Grace's first "century" in a first-class contest (though by no means his first this season), made against Middlesex. This score was the best answer that could be given to any inquiry after the great player's health.

Dr. W. G. Grace and the Thunderstorm.

Had the fine weather only continued, Mr. Grace, in all human probability, would have made a hundred

in an innings for a second time during the week, and that against such formidable opponents as Surrey. On Thursday week he had compiled 84 not out; but on that evening, as everyone knows, a thunderstorm broke out, and in the morning the wicket presented a very different appearance. As on a difficult wicket Mr. Grace raised his score to 94, it is only reasonable to suppose that had the conditions been as favourable as they were on the previous day, the hundred must have been passed. "It's all through that confounded thunderstorm last night," said the doctor, after he had retired caught Beaumont bowled Sharpe.

Sharpe is a Splendid Bowling Acquisition

of Surrey's this year, and they have another in that valuable personage, a good change wicket-keeper.

This is an amateur, Mr. R. B. Brooks, who, on the occasion of the Gloucestershire match, made a very successful first appearance behind the wicket for this county. It must have been the irony of fate which dictated that he, the only one of his side in the two innings, should have been stumped. With Mr. Brooks available the loss of Mr. Bowden, who remained behind at Johannesberg from the first South African cricketing trip, will scarcely be felt, so far as a change wicket-keeper is concerned.

Wicket-keepers are unquestionably *sui generis.* Of good batsmen and bowlers every first-class county has its half-dozen at least, but wicket-keepers, how many? The wicket-keeper belongs to the cool-headed, stand-up-like-a-brick-wall-against-everything class, which he shares with the "catcher" at baseball and the goal-keeper at lacrosse and hockey. Use is second nature, we know; but no amount of practice would enable anyone not by Nature fitted to take the bowling of Spofforth right off the bails, as was Blackham's common custom.

Surrey,

who, it will be remembered, objected to everything when the recent alterations to the rules of cricket were proposed, were not slow to avail themselves, on Saturday, of the privilege given by one of them. Having made 338 in their second innings for seven wickets, which left Gloucestershire 342 to get to tie, it was considered perfectly safe to declare the innings at an end; and so it was. Nothing but the most ultra-phenomenal scoring—say by eleven batsmen all W. G. Graces—could have made the runs in the time available; so it was almost a case of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." It was precisely for such cases as this that the new rule was made, and there is every excuse for the pointing of the finger of derision at Surrey at being the first of the Counties to benefit by it—a fact which one of the Gloucestershire players was heard to remark upon. Gloucestershire made only 92.

Young Graces.

Cricket will probably know the Grace family for a century or two yet, for there are some young ones coming on rapidly. Playing for Thornbury—W. G. G.'s local club—A. H. Grace made 71 the other day, and also showed skill with the ball.

The Form of Cambridge

against Yorkshire seems to make their chance against Oxford somewhat hopeful. Anyhow, in the absence of any sign of improvement on the part of the Oxonians, I should stand the Light Blues, although cricket is not the game for prophets to make reputations at.

E. H. Pelling's Record.

On Saturday, at Stamford-bridge, E. H. Pelling again accomplished a wonderful sprinting performance. This time the distance was 200 yards, and twice he ran it in 20sec. exactly, which is better than any previous time. Yet, in the same week, he failed to run up to the same form in a quarter-mile race. He beat 51 sec.; whereas, inside 49 sec. would have been barely equal to 200 yards in "level time." This is a very good argument in favour of a 220 yards championship, which forms part of the programme in America, where they seem to have forestalled us in recognising that long sprinting does not necessarily extend to 440 yards.

"Anticipations of Henley"

will soon be a standing head-line in the sporting papers. The anticipations of a large majority of visitors are blazing hot weather, a gigantic picnic by day, and *al fresco* (and eleemosynary) concerts and fireworks by night. But the anticipations I mean are those that have to do with the rowing. In connection with this regatta there are one or two things that can always be safely prognosticated. One is that, wet or fine, it will be a success; another, that Eton will send a fine crew; and a third, that the Thames Rowing Club will send a nailing ditto. These three things may be looked upon as perennial certainties, but nothing else is sure. There generally is a Leander crew, but what it will be like, and whether Dark or Light Blue will predominate in its composition, no mortal man can ever tell a month beforehand.

Muttlebury,

the great Cambridge oar, has this boat in hand, and with the material at hand should get together a crew as good as that of last year, when such tremendous races were rowed at different regattas with the Thames Eight.

Guy Nickalls

may be relied upon to be at his best to defend the Diamond Sculls against the German and American challengers. I am very sorry to hear that the Amateur Rowing Association have had their suspicions aroused concerning Psotta's amateur qualification. If the A.R.A. are not satisfied we shall, firstly, lose a race, and secondly, another flood of abuse will be poured upon our heads by American prints, as is invariably the case when we refuse to receive, open-mouthed, everything they offer us in the way of amateurs. Such American authorities as I can find in London declare to me that Mr. Psotta is "all right." I sincerely hope he is. Nickalls has a brother at Eton who is rapidly becoming a good oar and sculler, and there is talk of his sculling for the Diamonds. J. C. Gardner, the Cambridge sculler, does not go this year. Guy Nickalls and Lord Ampthill, who won the Oxford University Challenge Oars for pairs on Saturday, will probably go for the Goblets. After their loss of the head of the river to Third Trinity, Trinity Hall will scarcely venture the Grand Challenge at Henley, as was originally contemplated.

BANSHEE.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT PARIS.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and their children went to the Paris Exhibition last Sunday night to see the Eiffel Tower lighted up. MM. Tirard and Berger met them and took them to a place where they could enjoy the whole panorama without being inconvenienced by the crowd.

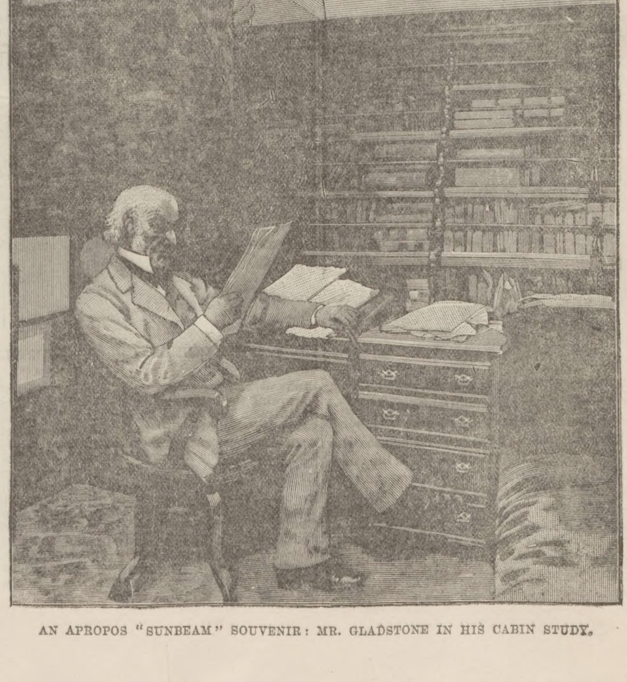
On Monday M. Carnot returned the visit he had received from the Prince. The Royal party spent the forenoon and part of the Monday afternoon at the Exhibition, when M. Berger was their cicerone. He took them up the Eiffel Tower in the lifts, and the Prince went to the third platform. The visit lasted an hour, and the visitors several times expressed their delight at the panorama, and at the keen, breezy, and bracing air which they breathed. The Princess used one of the little wheeled chairs when she was being taken through the grounds. When they came down from the tower they lunched, and then went to the Trocadéro to hear Handel's "Messiah." The vast hall in which the performance took place was filled to overflowing; thousands who came to buy tickets being turned away. It seemed as though there were more visitors on Monday afternoon than on any previous day.

REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

PRIVATE WILLIAM JAMES MOORE, of the 20th Hussars, was decorated on Tuesday morning by Colonel Blake, in the presence of his regiment at Norwich Barracks, with the Royal Humane Society's medal for gallantry in saving the lives of Mrs. Campbell, wife of the late regimental quartermaster, and a waterman, who narrowly escaped drowning in the River Yare in May. The Mayor of Norwich, who wears a similar medal, afterwards presented Moore with £45, subscribed by the citizens.

MR. GLADSTONE AS AN ART PATRON.

A BOY named E. Bodle, thirteen years of age, living at Tyldesley, and employed on the pit-brow, recently finished in pencil a portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and his father forwarded it to him. Mr. Gladstone sent back a cheque for £1 1s., and the following letter has also been received by the father:—"16, James-street, S.W., June 4.—Sir,—I am desired by Mr. Gladstone to forward you the draft for one guinea, herewith inclosed, in reply to the appeal on behalf of your son that you have made to him. With this sum drawing materials can be bought, and at a later stage Mr. Gladstone recommends that the boy should submit personally to Mr. W. Agnew, Summer-hill, Manchester, some specimen of his work taken from an object.—Your obedient servant, G. W. SPENCER LYTTLETON."



AN APROPOS "SUNBEAM" SOUVENIR: MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS CABIN STUDY.

THE CALAMITOUS CONEMAUGH VALLEY INUNDATION IN PENNSYLVANIA: BURSTING OF THE DAM AND DESTRUCTION OF JOHNSTOWN.

HER MAJESTY'S sympathy with the sufferers from the terrible Floods in Pennsylvania, cordially acknowledged by General Harrison, is the regal expression of the whole nation's condolence with the survivors of that fell catastrophe in the Conemaugh Valley. Having fully narrated in the last Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* how the dam confining the waters of the lake burst on May 31, causing an inundation which devastated the industrious township of Johnstown, and swept away other towns and villages in the track of the rushing floods, the appalling loss of human life even exceeding the numbers of thousands at first set down, we have no intention of harrowing the feelings of our readers by dwelling again upon the pitiful incidents of that dread calamity. Neither will we join in the chorus of certain newspaper correspondents, who are casting blame on the American engineers censured for faulty workmanship. The loss of 250 lives through the memorable flooding of Sheffield, brought about by the collapse of the embankment of the Bradfield Reservoir, on the 11th of March, 1864, and periodical disastrous risings of the Thames in London itself, should make us "look at home," and stimulate British engineers to adopt in time such precautions as should prevent the occurrence of a Conemaugh catastrophe in our midst.

Meanwhile, the débris of the Conemaugh dam has been examined by American skilled engineers, who report that the most elementary principles of dam-building were violated in its construction. In consequence of this, the coroner's jury returned a verdict declaring the South Ford Fishing Club, which was responsible, guilty of gross negligence. The revelations concerning the construction of the dam, and the verdict of the jury, have so incensed many of the survivors that the members of the club are afraid for their lives. Already the summer-houses which some of them had near the reservoir have been broken into, and the contents demolished by a mob infuriated by its awful losses and by the scenes of the flood.

We should explain that the effects of the awful inundation at Johnstown were all the more terrible from the fire that occurred. A stone railway-bridge here crosses the Conemaugh river, which bridge remained intact, but obstructed by the débris floating down. For nearly a mile above the bridge the torrent was filled with a mass of buildings and driftwood, 40ft. high, which at last caught fire from the iron furnaces, and blazed furiously. The conflagration spread to houses thronged with fugitives seeking refuge, and many persons were burned. We are happy to think that Johnstown and the other towns that suffered so grievously promptly received the subscriptions immediately sent by benevolent sympathisers in England and America.

JOHNSTOWN BEFORE THE DISASTROUS FLOODS.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

PARIS CELEBRATING THE REVOLUTION.

It was once proposed to celebrate the Revolution, not only by a great International Exhibition, but by the erection of a grand commemorative Museum and Monument. The site selected was the place where the old Palace of the Tuileries stood, and where the despotic rulers of France lived. The idea was not realised, not because of the lack of zeal, but for the want of money. Often Paris has extracted several millions from the multitude of foreigners within her gates. We may hear more of this Revolutionary Museum. Meanwhile

The Eiffel Tower at the Paris Exhibition

is a good substitute. It has a world-wide reputation. Photographs and reproductions of it in miniature are seen in some form or other in Paris, in London, in Berlin, and in every considerable town throughout the world. We have all made the acquaintance of it as a photograph, a paperweight, as a lump of confectionery, or on a handkerchief or a seal. We know its form, the elegant sweep of its great arches, its mighty girders, its massive trelliswork. It has been dominating all our minds, and all we want now is to get to the top and dominate it, so to speak. The name of Eiffel is immortalised, but, as often happens, the man who has run away with all the glory did not do the work. I do not know who first conceived the idea of a gigantic tower of iron which would surpass all other structures, but it is alleged that it was planned and designed by two engineers in Eiffel's employment, Messrs. Nouguier and Kœcklin. Eiffel has a large engineering business, and has erected some of the most important iron bridges in Europe. He has risen from a low position to be a great capitalist, and, like every other capitalist, can command and buy talent. So he bought the design and ideas of Nouguier and Kœcklin and built the tower. Eiffel is, however, an engineer of great original ability, and has superintended the whole construction of the tower himself.

Some Main Facts and Figures.

The tower weighs 7500 tons, just about half the tonnage of our big ironclads. It is close upon 1000 feet high. It cost £260,000 to build. Of this sum the State supplied £60,000, and at the end of twenty years will claim the tower as national property. The tower is the work of the riveter. The whole structure is held together by rivets. The 12,000 separate girders, beams, joists, and other descriptions of iron-work were made at Eiffel's works, near Paris, and were sent to the Champs de Mars punctured and ready for the riveter. No fewer than two millions and a half rivets have been employed in knitting the masses of girders together. These are some of the main facts about the tower; but the important thing is to get to the top.

How to Get Up.

You can go up to the second storey by a staircase, if you want to tire yourself out, or you may go comfortably in a lift. You are not charged any more for the privilege of climbing yourself. The price is the same both ways—two francs to the first storey, and another franc to the second, and 2 francs from the second to the top. On Sundays, up to six o'clock, the charges are reduced one half. This is very liberal of the company who own the tower, for they could have got double the usual number of visitors on Sundays at double the ordinary charges. But they fell in with the general plan in Paris of lowering charges on Sundays, which is the day when democracy enjoys itself. The arrangements about the lifts which are fitted in the tower are rather peculiar. Up to the first storey the legs of the tower are straight inclines, and to run a lift up an incline was not an unheard-of thing. But before the second storey was reached a curve had to be turned, and a lift had never been made to describe part of a circle. The American Elevator Company were prepared to accomplish this novel feat of engineering, but the Exhibition authorities were not prepared to let them. They stemmed the torrent of French prejudice for a year, and searched everywhere for native talent to accomplish the work, but had at last to fall back on the Americans. They compromised the matter, however, and only gave the American Elevator Company an order to fit lifts in two legs of the tower, and only to the second storey. There are thus three systems of lifts in the tower. The American lifts run up the north and south columns to the second storey, stopping en route at the first storey; French lifts are fitted in the other two columns, but only go to the first storey—leaving the communication to the second storey inadequate. From the second storey to the top an ordinary ram elevator has been adapted to suit the tower. All the lifts are perfectly safe, but the American ones have been put to the severest test.

On the First Storey

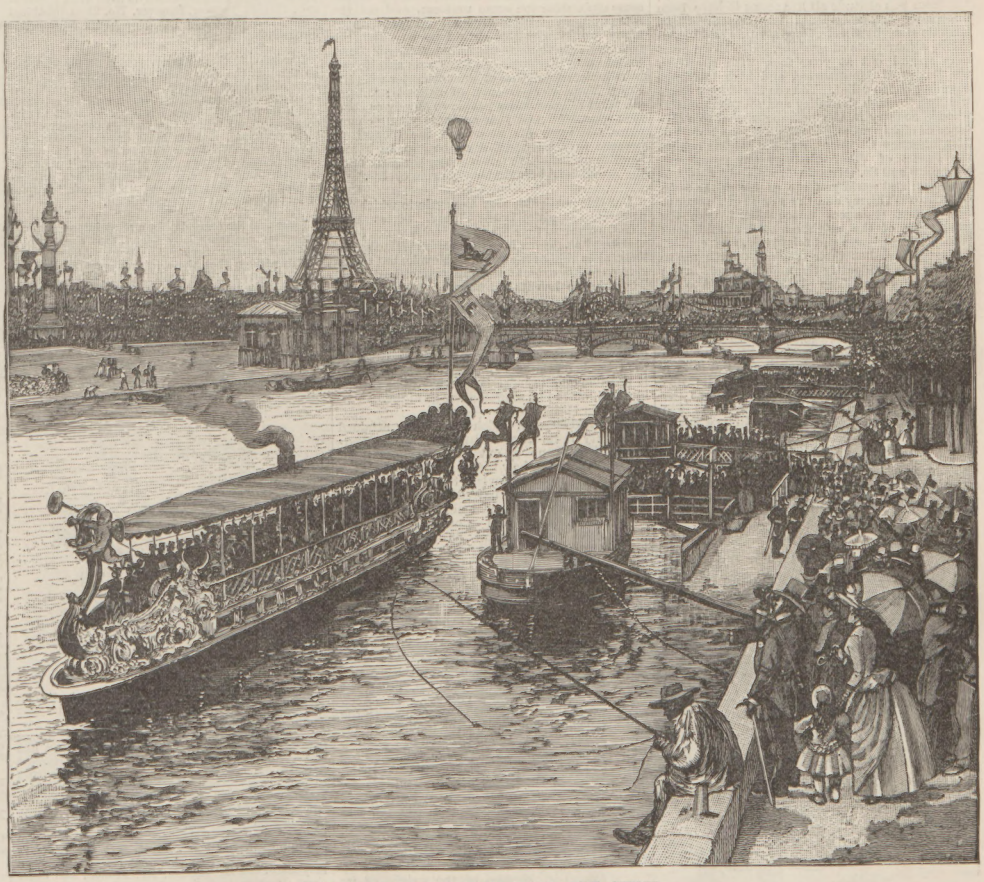
you hardly realise the colossal character of the tower until you are inside one of its great, slanting legs. The huge girders, the immense trelliswork around you, the monster lift running on a track wider than a railroad, impress you with the massiveness and grandeur of the structure. The car moves up slowly and smoothly, and you soon come to the first storey and another surprise—the extent of surface you have to move about on. The floor contains about 13,000 square feet. The promenade round the outside is 800 ft. long, and as you walk on the asphalte among the little shops, sit in front of a café and sip black coffee, you can imagine yourself on the Boulevard. Only you cannot get rid of the girders which surround like a cage, and you are apt to look down; which was, indeed, what you came here for. It is only a height of 200 ft. There are higher places from which to survey Paris, but here you obtain an

Excellent View of the Exhibition.

You command a view of all the palaces and grounds. Turning towards the gardens you face the magnificent central dome—glittering with gold—profuse with decorations and surmounted by the elegantly-poised gilded statue of France. Behind this is the series of small galleries occupied with the products of French industry and manufacture. Farther on rises the graceful roof of the Machinery Hall, by far the largest building of the kind in the world, and as remarkable an engineering feat as the tower. To the left and right lie the Palaces of Fine Arts and Liberal Arts, each surmounted with a dazzling dome of glazed tiles. Between these buildings, which form three sides of a square, lies, spread out before you, the central garden—with its covered promenades, its beautiful parterres dotted with statues, its plots of flowers, clumps of rhododendrons, and ornamental shrubbery; and, in the centre of all, the fountain of Progress crowning the basin from which the coloured fountain sends up illuminated jets every night at ten. Round at the foot of the tower you see another stretch of garden covered with the glittering pavilions of the South American Republics, numerous handsome buildings, and beautiful little châlets. Another magnificent view is obtained by

Turning towards the Seine.

You see before you the imposing palace of the Trocadéro, with its circular wings and



THE PARIS EXHIBITION FROM THE SEINE.

ONE OF THE STEAMERS RUN BY THE LOUVRE ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF ITS CUSTOMERS.

cascade, and the vast expanse of garden, covered with elegant rustic buildings and green-houses, in front. The river is alive with craft, which skim along its surface. An idea of the brilliant sight presented by the Seine is conveyed by our Illustration. The Agricultural Galleries, which line the river, are visible; but only the domes and minarets of the buildings on the Esplanade des Invalides can be seen for the trees. A splendid view is afforded of Paris, and you can recognise all the principal buildings—Notre Dame, the Panthéon, the Louvre, the Opera, Arc de Triomphe, and all the important architectural features of Paris familiarised to you by every guide. There are four restaurants on this first storey of the tower—an aristocratic French one, a Russian one, a Flemish one, and an English one (Spiers and Pond). Having strolled about on this storey and surveyed the scene until you are tired, you proceed to mount higher.

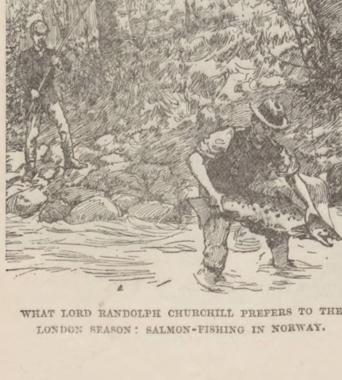
On the Second Storey.

It frequently happens that the visitor must climb a spiral staircase from the first to the second storey, owing to the absurd arrangements about the lifts already described. With the second storey the vacancy in the centre of the tower ends. The square platform is solid, and gives a surface of 4700 square feet. The amount reserved to the public, however, is small, as the centre is taken up with the large tanks containing the water for the lifts, landing-stages and tackle, a gas-engine for hoisting up supplies to the restaurants, material, &c. There are several small shops, a refreshment-bar, and a printing office. A small edition of the *Figaro* is set up, printed, and published here. It is printed on a small Marinoni machine, and copies are given away to visitors. It is the only thing on the tower which is cheaper than if it were on terra firma, where it costs three sous. A glass of beer at the foot of the tower costs threepence, on the first storey fourpence, on the second fivepence, and this is some indication of what other charges are. The area of view here is extended, but is not very satisfactory. You are too high to see the Exhibition in detail, and not high enough to give novelty to the situation. You are not half-way up the tower yet; you get another splendid view of Paris, but those who don't intend to go to the top should stop at the first floor. But everybody, of course, wants to go higher up. The rest of the journey costs two francs. You have to change lifts en route.

The View from the Summit.

You are quickly hoisted to the top, and command the most magnificent panorama in the world. Paris, at the other halting-places, was full of life and animation, of bustle and stir, so that you could hear the din of the traffic; the grounds of the Exhibition were crowded with human beings, and looked like a busy beehive; but from this altitude all life seems to have been obliterated—all movement to have ceased. Paris, with its straight streets, long avenues and boulevards, square plots of gardens, looks like a great map spread out at your feet, with churches, the Buttes of Montmartre, and high buildings standing out in relief. You see the sinewy Seine winding through the valley and all the beautiful wooded country in the neighbourhood, to a distance of eighty miles. To the west the Forest of Montmorency Clermont, and the heights behind the Forest of Villers-Cotteret are prominent. Versailles and St. Germain are plainly visible to the west; and south you see as far as the town of Château-Thierry and the Forest of Fontainebleau. But strangers unacquainted with the geography of the neighbourhood should look through the glasses and telescopes, and consult the maps placed at their disposal on the top to enable them to identify the notable places in the environs of Paris. The platform allotted to the public is large enough to accommodate 800 people. Above this platform there is an observatory for meteorological, astronomical, and other scientific observations, a suite of rooms occupied by M. Eiffel, and a lighthouse. The tower is not only a great curiosity, but it is a useful institution. Stress is laid on its importance from a military point of view, as the movement of troops can be detected from it to a distance of fifty miles, and as it will be a useful station for optic telegraphy. On the other hand, it is a conspicuous target for the enemy. Once on the tower the visitor can remain as long as he likes up to ten o'clock at night.

Next week I hope to have the pleasure of acting as your guide round Paris.



WHAT LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL PREFERS TO THE LONDON SEASON: SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.

CYCLE & CAMERA

NEXT Sunday, June 16, the Ripley-Road Club are going to take

The American Cyclists

down the Ripley-road, and give them a dinner at the Anchor, probably the most famous inn in the cycling world. What London man who owns a machine does not know its low-gabled front turned towards the village street, its quaint oldtimey rooms, and the great new dining-hall at the back? Were the Americans to go away without seeing it and without following the route I described last week, they would have missed the best part of London cycling.

Their visit has been interesting in more ways than one. They have been enthusiastically received and fêted wherever they have passed. A tremendous ovation was given them in Ireland. Irish cyclists rode out from every town to meet them; flags were flying on public buildings; dinners and suppers were eaten; speeches made. Indeed, so many were the invitations that poured in upon them, they could only beg to be allowed to decline many, as late hours and feasting were beginning to tell upon them.

In England, there has been perhaps less enthusiasm, but quite as great cordiality. All the way from Liverpool to London, English cyclists rode with them. Again there were dinners, receptions, and suppers. In London the principal clubs have entertained them, and the dinner given them by the Stanley Club at the Inns of Court Hotel is counted one of the principal cycling events of the season.

The true significance of all this is realised, when one considers that had the same twenty-seven men travelled together across Ireland and England by train, absolutely no attention would have been paid to them. Their visit emphasises, as did that of the American cricketers a few years ago or of the English cyclists to America, the good fellowship that sport has created among men of different nationalities. In the end sport will probably do as much to further our international relations as peace congresses and arbitration committees.

People who do not understand its hold upon its followers cannot see why, simply because men happen to ride the same machine, or spend their leisure on the river, or take pleasure in cricket, they should necessarily belong to the same club, wear the same uniform, and eat the same dinners. It is really hard to explain in so many words why this should be so. But the fact remains that there is no stronger bond to hold men together. As Stevenson asks in his inimitable description of an encounter with the Royal Nautical Sportsmen of Brussels: "After all, what religion knits people so closely as common sport?" And just as these young champions fell upon his neck and the Cigarette's because they all paddled canoes, so Irish and English cyclists have fallen metaphorically upon the Americans' because they all ride cycles.

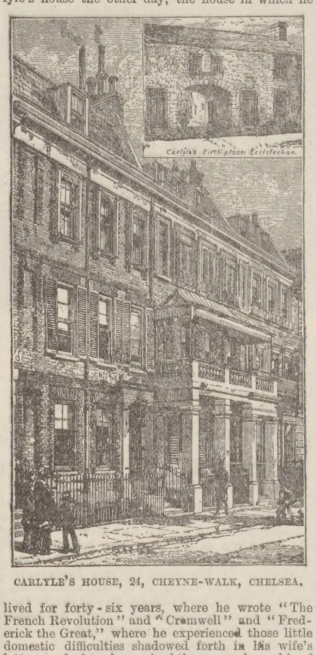
For this particular tour the cycle to which the preference is given is the Safety. Sixteen men ride Quadrants, four Singer's. This is not to be wondered at. There is perhaps no machine so delightful to ride as the ordinary bicycle, but that it is to a certain extent dangerous cannot be denied. The tricycle has its advantages, especially for touring; but, when all has been said, one must still admit that it is without the springiness of the bicycle. The Safety is free from both these drawbacks. It has not the elements of danger of the ordinary, on the one hand, nor the heaviness of the tricycle on the other. Its single track makes it possible on all roads. It is easy to be carried by train, and to be stowed away at night.

The rapidity with which the Safety attained popularity is its most satisfactory recommendation. You cannot go out on any road without seeing for yourself how fast it is superseding the "ordinary" and the tricycle. Some people feared that this year's "safety barred" movement might result in its practical banishment from the race-track. But the movement has not been as successful as its originators anticipated. The matter is really being decided by the clubs, which give mixed races—that is, races in which ordinary and safety riders compete—for those who want them—and separate safety and ordinary races. This is as it should be.

But it is in America above all that the Safety has proved a success. For there the Safety for women, which has made but little headway here, is, according to reports, already popular. American women are riding it in preference to the tricycle. Neither has the tandem Safety, as yet, been duly appreciated in England. It was shown as far back as the Stanley show of 1888, but it is still exceptional to meet it on the road. And yet for tandem riders, there can be no comparison between it and the tandem tricycle. It is easier to work, it is a better hill-climber, it has the advantage of a single track—it has, in a word, everything in its favour. And not only this, but, because of the weight of its two riders, probably, it has much less tendency to side-slipping than the single Safety, while on it there is less vibration than on any machine I have ever tried.—N. C. U.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

I TOOK a friend down to Chelsea to see Carlyle's house the other day, the house in which he



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, 24, CHEYNE-WALK, CHELSEA.

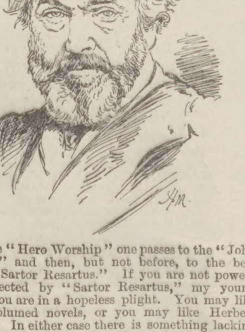
lived for forty-six years, where he wrote "The French Revolution" and "Cromwell" and "Frederick the Great," where he experienced those little domestic difficulties shadowed forth in his wife's letters, and where he received the personal worship of so many of his famous countrymen. The house is a plain, simple structure, like any other one of the dozen in the same row, and like many thousands of houses in London suburbs. For a long time after the death of the Chelsea sage it was uninhabited, and when a tablet to Carlyle was subscribed for the landlord objected to its being placed on the veritable house, so they fixed it on another, and inscribed the words upon it, "Thomas Carlyle lived at 24, Cheyne-row, 1834-81." Now, however, No. 24 is inhabited again, and the tablet has gone to its appropriate destination.

* * * * *

I wonder if there are any young people who can go through the very identical experience now that some of us went through, it may be ten or fifteen or twenty years age. Now, we are all for criticism and little for enthusiasm. Now, if we want to discuss Carlyle we talk of the reckless savagery of his force doctrines, and his futile dreams of one-man government. We know that with all its useful accumulation of facts, the "Cromwell" required supplementing as Mr. S. R. Gardiner has supplemented it, and that from the "Frederick," in spite of its bulk, a great deal was omitted.

* * * * *

I was told the other day by a most interesting and altogether charming lady friend, that she thought Matthew Arnold was an American. And so I may readily assume that there are amongst my readers some who are not very familiar with Carlyle's works. I should like to say to one of these, "Buy 'Heroes and Hero Worship.' It costs but a shilling. Be sure you ask for Messrs. Chapman and Hall's edition, which is the best—a neat little book in red covers."



From the "Hero Worship" one passes to the "John Sterling," and then, but not before, to the best of all, "Sartor Resartus." If you are not powerfully affected by "Sartor Resartus," my young friend, you are in a hopeless plight. You may like three-volumed novels, or you may like Herbert Spencer. In either case there is something lacking to your moral culture. But if you do like "Sartor Resartus" you will like few books so much in the whole range of literature. You will then read the miscellanies, the histories, the whole thirty-seven volumes, in fact, which will cost you but one shilling each. Of course, it is just possible that Carlyle may do you some amount of harm. You may learn, like Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Froude, and other great disciples, to distrust the people; but I am not afraid of this. I think you will see what of truth and what of error there is in the Chelsea sage, and you will, of necessity, be a better man or woman for having admired, for having loved him.

THE TATLER.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

III. LAW OF THE MARKET—(*Continued*).

TAKE the case of the horse in *Punch*, mentioned last week. When he bought that horse Jones had, no doubt, been told it was "quiet to ride and drive." If he had been wise he would have had that warranty in writing; but, whether or no, the vendor giving the warranty would, if he could be found, be liable to Jones, who should claim a return of the whole price, the animal being quite useless. But suppose that horse had turned out a good one; but it had also happened, that the vendor had stolen it, and had disappeared directly he had pocketed the purchase-money? What now would be the position of Jones if the rightful owner claimed his horse? Jones would be almost certain to have to give it up. Horsedealers have been rogues for centuries. More than three hundred years ago there were two Acts of Parliament, one "of the reign of a good Queen Bess, and one of a bad Queen Mary," which said, in effect, that the purchaser of a stolen horse could only keep it as against the lawful owner if the purchaser could show, firstly, that he bought it when openly exposed for sale, by the space of one hour together at the least, betwixt ten of the clock in the morning and the sun setting, in the open place of the fair or market wherein horses are commonly used to be sold," and not in any yard or private place; and secondly, that at the time of the sale both the vendor and purchaser, together, took the horse to the book-keeper or "toll-gatherer" of the fair or market, who then entered "its price, colour, and distinctive marks, together with the name, addition [*i.e.*, description], and address of the vendor and purchaser, the latter particulars being properly attested. But these details only apply to horses. If it had been a sale of cows, pigs, or potatoes, *completed in open market*, at the usual hours, and with a bonâ fide purchaser, he would have kept the stolen goods, unless the rightful owner procured the conviction of the thief and an order of restitution. Here, however, let it be noted that the purchaser could in no case claim to retain the stolen goods as against the rightful owner, unless the sale were "in a fair or other market overt" (open market). In London the law deems every shop, daily, a "market overt" for goods commonly and publicly sold there. Out of London the "market overt" is only the market-place on market days. It may happen, therefore, that an innocent purchaser in a provincial town loses his bargain, because he can have no better title than the vendor if he buy in a shop, say in Shrewsbury or Liverpool, goods which had been stolen.

Looking at sales from the point of view of the vendor, it is convenient here to mention that, in the absence of any agreement, the law implies that goods will be paid for on delivery. If goods are bought on "cash terms," and should be paid for on delivery, then, if the purchaser refuses, without cause, to take them in, or refuses to pay the price when goods are tendered, the vendor may recover the price of goods sold. The purchaser, on payment, is entitled to receive the goods. If term of credit, however, had been arranged, the purchaser is first entitled, of course, to the goods, and cannot be sued for the price till the period of credit has transpired. If a purchaser becomes bankrupt or insolvent before payment of the price, and the goods are in the hands of a carrier or any other person (except the purchaser or agent of the purchaser, for custody), the vendor may stop the goods in transit, and save his money. But if the goods have once been delivered, or are in the purchaser's own care, the vendor must bear the loss, and try for a doubtful dividend.

LEX.

ANSWERS.

D. J. RYAN.—Take extract from will to a solicitor.

LUX BENIGNA (Berks).—Unless there be some local Police Act which applies, you should use a light from dusk. No fixed hour can be given.

W. BULLOCK.—It is impossible to answer your questions unless you can state contents of the paper signed. Let the domestic servant write watch dealers and ask for a copy.

FLORA.—1. Yes. 2. If the house is in a part of the Metropolis where there is a "constant supply," and if agreement contains no reference to the subject, the occupier may be compelled by the water company to pay expense up to amount of any rent due from occupier only, and he may deduct the money so paid from rent, but he must inform the water company amount of rent due and name and address of owner, who is primarily liable for these expenses. Outside London this matter depends on local Acts.

GUIDE.—At least six months' notice to quit must be given to expire at same date in year as annual tenancy commenced, and if that date be uncertain, let the notice be given this month (June) requiring the tenant to quit on Jan. 1, 1890, "or at the expiration of the current year of your tenancy, which would expire not less than six months after date of this notice."

ASHBURTON.—Rent can only be claimed up to the expiration of notice to quit; but there can be a claim for "use and occupation" in respect of subsequent expiration. The amount would be at the same rate as rent, but it could not be distrained for, and could only be recovered by a County Court summons.

PROMOTER (Exmouth).—The notice ought to be, and probably would be, held by any Jury sufficient to exempt committee.

H. R.—Notice good for Christmas, but doubtful for Michaelmas.

JOSEPH SMITH.—This is a matter of Crown revenue, and the estate is ample. A solicitor would prepare the requisite documents and save you much trouble.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Camping Season.

It has been said many times that the Volunteer Force, in the first year of its existence, was very near being washed out of existence. Not many Volunteers now serving can remember the long spell of rain in 1860. It was a sore trial for men making their first experiment of military work to have wet Saturday after wet Saturday; but the strong life in the new force carried it through, and since then we have had wet Easters, wet Whitsuntides, wet Aldershots and Wimbledons, and who that was there can ever forget that dreadful day at Edinburgh when the Queen reviewed the Scotsmen in 1882?

None the less

The Wet Whitsuntide

through which we have just passed has been a teaser to the Volunteers—let us count them at twenty-five thousand—who have been encamped by brigades and battalions all over the country, and especially in the Northern District.

A PRIVATE OF THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.

Of course, it may be said that Volunteers are poor soldiers if they cannot take the wet with dry. But they can, and they do: but it must always be remembered that the [illegible] not go into camp in order to demonstrate [illegible] can stand wet jackets, but to drill and [illegible] camp-life, that they gave up their holidays for the purpose, and that when the rain goes on hour after hour and day after day they cannot work, and have the mortification of knowing their time is being hopelessly wasted.

One defect constantly perceptible in Volunteer [illegible]—I have seen it repeated this week close to London—is that, either through forgetfulness or prohibition, tents are not protected by rain-trenches. Now one would think there must be landowners, near London, who would not object to their fields being cut in this way for a little extra consideration, the ground being properly filled in after. In camping, as in everything else, we need to get as near reality as possible; and as every Infantry soldier now carries, or should carry, an entrenching tool, it stands to reason these trenches would be dug on service. Armies now-a-days march without tents; but when a permanent camp is fixed, we may as well keep the floor dry.

There is one department of camping which is not growing so rapidly as it should, and that is

the Cooking.

We are thirty years old, and have been camping half that time; and it is not creditable that strong battalions should be fed by civilian caterers like children at a school treat. I have seen corps in camp where everything short of driving in the cattle and killing has been done by the regularly appointed sergeant-cook and his mates, and done well too; and I have seen others where the men actually breakfasted and dined in a marquee provided by a firm of confectioners. How on earth could such a battalion live in the field? The Colonels of such corps never have fully realised the full force of the old dictum that an army marches on its belly.

The New Musketry Rules.

Camps at this time of year are mainly a provincial concern; the Londoners last Monday turned their attention to the class-firing for efficiency and the grant. Up to a year ago Whit Monday was the [illegible] thousands of London Volunteers were rushed through the only bit of target practice they got in the twelve months. That this farce is no longer possible is one of the best results of Lord Harris's Committee; and the necessity of reaching a specified total of points in the third class, with the wind and the rain, must have plucked a good many men last Monday. And how will the crack shots like the Commander-in-Chief's order of last week that they must not blacken or whiten or pencil their sights, or do anything with the Government rifle but use it as issued by Government?

Equipment and Efficiency.

That is right enough, but the same cannot be quite conceded about the Duke's circular, which warns us that, after a date to be named hereafter, the production of a greatcoat, haversack, water-bottle, and mess-tin for each man at inspection will be necessary to ensure the Capitation Grant. The Commander-in-Chief says all these things can be obtained out of the grant allowance, and probably he is right; but corps whose equipment is not complete cannot be made so without debt being incurred, and not many months back we were especially warned by the same authority against running into debt. His Royal [illegible] very anxious we should all have [illegible]; and this though again debt must be [illegible].

The Honourable Artillery Company.

July 6 has been fixed as the date of the first official inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company ever made, and I hear that some of the chiefs of the company are already beginning to quake as to whether it will be possible to produce the requisite two thirds, there being so many men on the roll who do not drill. The problem is a curious one. In an ordinary Volunteer corps, if the two-thirds were not out there would be no grant; but the Honourable Artillery Company are in no case to have grants, and so apparently a new penalty must be found. Under the rose, it may be taken that the Prince of Wales will be back as Captain-General before the year is out. [illegible] there was something in his wearing the Honourable Artillery Company bearskin the other day, after all.

Sergeants and Tactics.

Our Sergeants are going in for "higher education," and there is a lengthy programme of road-sketching parties for this year. But what a pity to break down so early in the season as Whit Monday! Certainly, the rain accounts for a great deal; and, as there is so much goodness in the Association, not even wild horses shall drag out of me the actual number of men with sketching-blocks who met outside Rickmansworth Station. Camps are all very well at holiday times; but it seems that short day parades are of no use. See what a poor show the excellent Middlesex Engineers had at inspection this time through men having gone for their holidays. Colonel Tovey has only two corps to inspect, and surely should not have chosen the Saturday before Whitsuntide for one.

Matches.

There have been some good matches just now. Ten of the Hythe School have beaten the North London Club—877 to 864; the Queen's Edinburgh have beaten the London Scottish—1963 to 1887; the Harrow Schoolboys have beaten the Old Boys—435 to 407; the Devil's Own have beaten Oxford University—805 to 733; and the London Rifle Brigade has beaten the Bloomsbury Corps—1703 to 1642.

Extraordinary Shooting.

A correspondent at Gloucester sends us the most extraordinary record reported this year or for several years past. The statement goes that Private F. Higgins, 2nd V.B. Gloucester, made 101 out of 105 on the 1st inst., 100 on the 4th, and 103 on the 5th—all on the Gloucester range. The range totals in the last shoot were 35, 35, and 33. Our correspondent says the 103 is the highest record ever made on the Gloucester range—or on any other range probably. Shooting men would be glad to have before them the full conditions under which the 103 was made; it is so remarkable a performance. EYES FRONT.

IMPORTANT TO BRITISH SHIP-BUILDERS.

UNDER this head the British Consul at Gothenburg, Mr. J. Duff, reports that an important steam-ship company at that place invited tenders last year for the building of a passenger and cargo steamer of about 500 tons register. They received ten offers of which five were English, four Swedish, and one German. The prices of the Swedish competitors, as well as those of the German firm, were very far higher than those demanded by the English builders tendering, and the contract was given to one of the latter, whose price was £4,200 lower than the cheapest Swedish, and £1,370 lower than the German offer. Upon this the Consul remarks that such a fact warrants the conclusion that if English manufacturers made themselves more known in foreign countries, either by means of travellers acquainted with the language of the country they visit, or by means of advertisements, they might easily open up new channels for their industries.

SEAL-KILLING IN ALASKA.

NINETEEN years ago the Alaska Commercial Company obtained from the United States Government the exclusive right of killing seals on the St. Paul and St. George Islands for twenty years. The company was prohibited from killing over 100,000 in one year, and only males over one year old were to be considered fair game. The use of firearms or killing in the water was also prohibited. It is not alleged, so far as appears, that the company has not fulfilled these conditions, but great complaint is made of poachers. Hunting by outside parties is estimated to have resulted in the destruction of 750,000 seals in the last three years. Other sealing grounds have been rendered unproductive by indiscriminate killing. The seals are shot in the water, with the result that only about one in seven can be saved, as the bodies sink very quickly. The authorised killing is done with clubs, the seals being driven inland, like sheep to be slaughtered. The killing is performed by men, while women and children take the skins off the slain animals. The killing season lasts from about June 1 to Aug. 10. A recent report estimates the seal population of the Alaskan Islands at 4,000,000. A seal family usually consists of one male and ten females, and, as already mentioned, only the males can be legally slaughtered.

THE NEW DEE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

THIS important work is so rapidly approaching completion that on Saturday last Sir Edward Watkin, in the presence of other directors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, by whom the bridge has been constructed, successfully rotated it, and the party travelled over the new portion of the line, some eight miles in length, from Chester to Bridge.

The section of the railway to Hawarden is being pushed forward with great rapidity. A little beyond Mr. Gladstone's residence the line joins the main track of the Buckley, Mold, and Connah's Quay Company, giving it direct connection with the Welsh system of railways which the Bill now in Parliament proposes to amalgamate, for through working to Cardiff and South Wales.

The railway bridge over the Dee is constructed of three girders, two of which are fixed, while one swings. This latter, which was easily moved by Sir Edward Watkin, is 243 ft. in length, while the fixed girders have each a span of 133 ft. During the proceedings a general hope was expressed that the Queen would consent to open the bridge during her visit to North Wales in August.

FATAL BOATING ACCIDENTS.

Two gunners of the N Battery, 1st Brigade Royal Artillery, stationed at Athlone, named Robert Kilworth and Thomas Ridgway, were drowned in Lough Rea, near Athlone, on Sunday, by the upsetting of a sailing-boat.

A fatal boat accident occurred in Queenstown Harbour last Sunday evening. A small pleasure-boat, under sail—with Mr. Bartholomew Conroy, his two sons, and a friend on board—was upset by a northerly squall. The father and one of the sons sank, and were drowned, but the other son, a lad about twelve years of age, and the friend clung to the upturned boat until they were rescued.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales will visit India in the coming winter to make a quasi-private tour. His Royal Highness, who will be attended by a small suite, will, says a Reuter's telegram, visit the chief towns and the native States, but it has been decided that no presents shall be accepted or exchanged.

SHIPPING DISASTERS.

Wreck in the Channel.

THE St. Pierre, of and from Boulogne, bound for St. Brieux with guano, last Saturday morning struck a rock or sunken wreck about fifteen miles north of Guernsey. The Plymouth mail-steamer, which fell in with her about seven p.m. in a sinking condition, took her in tow, and arrived within a mile of Guernsey Harbour, when she sank. The crew were saved and landed at Guernsey.

Plucky Captain Robertson.

The Cunarder Aurania, which arrived at Queenstown on Saturday from New York, for Liverpool, brought news of the British steamer Hawkhurst, Captain Thomas Robertson, being on fire while on a voyage from London to Rio Janeiro. On March 23, while in latitude 11 deg. N., long. 26 deg. W., dense volumes of smoke came out of the hold. The ventilators were at once blocked and holes made in the decks. Water and steam were poured in, but the flames seemed to have fastened on the cargo in the lower hold. During the next four days the decks were red-hot. In the cargo were 700 barrels of oil and tallow. Oh the fifth day the port bunkers took fire, and they burned for the seven days intervening before port was reached. The distance travelled in this time was 2300 miles.

In recognition of the good seamanship and bravery of Captain Robertson, the Emperor of Brazil wrote him a letter and decorated him with a medal of the first class. The Aurania also brought intelligence of a terrific gale which swept over Lake Ontario on the 28th ult., during which a number of Canadian vessels suffered severely, and several members of their crews were drowned. The crew of one of the vessels were all lost.

Cast away.

The Queensland Royal mail-steamer Dacca, Captain John Stone, which arrived at Plymouth on Saturday, brought home Captain Nielsen, his daughter, and thirteen of the crew of the Norwegian barque Bona Fides, of Tvedestrand, 1002 tons register, which was wrecked off the New Guinea coast. The Bona Fides was on a voyage from Newcastle, New South Wales, with a cargo of coals for Tjilatzap, on the south coast of Java. All went well until eight p.m. on March 26, when the ship struck a sunken reef off the coast of New Guinea. The captain was steering a northerly course at the time. The ship struck lightly at first, but her sails filling she grounded heavily. A swell sprang up and the ship bumped a hole in her bottom. By the following morning she was full of water. Captain Nielsen had the boats fully provisioned and then abandoned the Bona Fides. After two days and two nights in the boats Captain Nielsen landed his daughter and the whole of the crew in safety at Murray Island, where there is an English missionary. They were then sent in the mission-schooner Mary to Thursday Island, whence they were brought home by the Dacca. The Bona Fides was sold at Thursday Island for £10. She was insured in Norway for £5000. Captain Nielsen, who saved his instruments and papers, expresses the opinion that the rock on which the Bona Fides struck is wrongly marked on the chart. He was steering a course which he calculated would take the ship well clear of the rock. His chronometer was right, and he had encountered little or no current. Captain Nielsen and crew proceeded to London in the Dacca.

Lost While Shark-Fishing.

Advices received at Plymouth from Sydney state that for some time past the South British Insurance Company have been offering a reward for any information as to the whereabouts of the barque Wandering Minstrel, of Peterhead, which had been missing for upwards of a year. News has now been received that the ship had been lost while shark-fishing in the South Seas, and that the master and crew had been cast away on Midway Island. There they lived for upwards of six months, and then the chief officer, a sailor, and a Chinese boy started in a boat for the Sandwich Islands, and they are still missing. Another dreary eight months passed before assistance reached the castaways, who were taken off fourteen months from the date of landing by the schooner Norma and conveyed to Honolulu. The captain's wife and four children were with the castaways, who lost four of their number during their stay on the island.

The Number of Shipwrecks

reported last week was thirteen, of which only five were British vessels. Collision cases decreased in number to seventeen, of which seven cases took place off the United Kingdom. Only one vessel, a small British sailer, was wrecked off the United Kingdom.

The Clothworkers' Company have voted £100 per annum for five years to the Salt Schools, Yorkshire, to enable the trustees to carry on weaving and pattern designing in the new technical annexe.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are expected to leave Windsor Castle on Friday for the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, where they reside during the Ascot week.

The Braemar gathering this year will be held by permission of the Earl of Fife at Old Mar Lodge. The Queen has signified to Lord Fife her intention of honouring him with her presence upon this occasion. The exact date of the gathering has not yet been fixed, but it will take place as usual during the last week in August.

Sir Robert Morier, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been instructed to represent the Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales at the wedding of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia and Princess Alexandra of Greece, which takes place in a few days at St. Petersburg. A special service will be held on Sunday next, 16th inst., at the Greek Church Aghia Sophia, Moscow-road, Bayswater, to celebrate the marriage.

SUCCESS.

"DID YOU EVER KNOW A TRADE BUILT UP by giving things away?" quoth the Managing Director of a large and successful business; and he immediately proceeded to answer his own question by saying, "I never did." Well, notwithstanding this adverse expert opinion, the dissuasion of friends, and the bugbear of expense, we decided to make the free gift of post-paid samples a feature in our business. We believed there to be instincts of fairplay, of discrimination, and recognition of fair dealing in the public mind which had hitherto never been properly gauged or appreciated. Naturally, we had faith—ay, great faith—in our own production; a proof of which lies in the fact that we paid, less than six months ago, several hundred pounds in cash for the mere ownership of an article then almost wholly unknown. We had one influential business adviser who favoured our plans. "You have a good thing," said he; "and your article is its own best advertisement." These two sentences, indeed, pithily embodied our own views and belief, and they have received the best of all possible indorsements—**SUCCESS.**

We commenced this new method of business in a comparatively small way, inserting our advertisements only in a few papers to start with. The very next day after the first advertisement appeared offering (as we still continue to do) samples of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" gratis and post-free to all who wrote for them, twenty-six (26) persons applied, and from that day—now some three months ago—to this these applications have gone on steadily increasing, so that we now often receive five hundred applications daily, and our expense for postage alone has reached nearly £50 sterling per month.

Immediately after we commenced dispatching samples to the stream of applicants whose letters began to flow in with increasing volume by every post, we began to experience pleasurable returns and results. The "Sulphur Tablets," when seen and tested, were highly approved, and recognised to be as good as we said they were. Then orders began to pour in, both direct to ourselves and also through the wholesale drug-dealing houses from whom chemists and grocers obtain their supplies of medicines. These orders were at first small—for one, two, three, or six packets—then further and further orders were for dozens, three dozens, six dozens, and gross lots, and the sale is still increasing at a rapid rate. Cogent proof of this is afforded by the fact that our cash receipts for March were thrice as much as for January and February combined, the April receipts were six times as much as those of March, while those of May were thrice as much as those for April. In other words, *the sales have multiplied fifty-fold in three months.* This has come about thus: thousands of persons who have had free samples have approved of them, and afterwards ordered packets of the "Sulphur Tablets." Thousands of others, we have decisively ascertained, have, in effect, reasoned as follows:—"These people (Frazer and Co.) have faith, anyhow, in their own article, and the 'Sulphur Tablets' are, therefore, worth trying, since if they (the Tablets) are as good as the owners claim them to be, they are undoubtedly needed as a palatable, sightly, curative, and preventive medicine, in place of the old brimstone and treacle, which almost every family admits to be good, and which almost every child and adult shuns taking because of its nauseousness."

Sulphur has never been used to the extent it ought to have been, mainly because of its—hitherto—unpalatableness, and because it is so familiar and inexpensive. Doctors, like others of the community, are apt to run after new things—drugs in this instance—and to conclude that, the more expensive an article or medicine is, the better it must be, than which a greater fallacy never existed. Now, we don't claim to be able to cure all and every ill that flesh is heir to with the "Sulphur Tablets"; very far from it. What we do claim is, that the "Sulphur Tablets" are a sure and beneficent sudorific, or sweat-producing specific, and hence a great blood-purifying and skin-cleansing power. They are invaluable in the curative and preventive treatment of fevers, whether Typhoid, Typhus, Scarlet, or Malarial; and to ward off, cure, or palliate attacks of Measles, Smallpox, and other infectious or epidemic disease, they have no equal in the whole field of medicine. They secure almost invariable immunity from attack in the midst of contagious disorders; from the effluvia of bad drainage, decomposing vegetable matter, &c.; or, at the worst, the patient will have but a mild type of the disease. Their agreeable primrose hue and pleasant taste, allied to their great efficacy, makes "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" a gentle, safe, and sure laxative medicine for children. They are compact, pure, and harmless, and may be carried in the pocket, to be taken at will. For ailing or disorganised women they are invaluable, as they may be taken *at all times* without repugnance, or injury to the most delicate constitutions.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" cleanse the skin from Eruptions, Eczema, Blackheads, Scorbutic and Scrofulous ailments, by effecting an alterative effect in the blood, thereby ensuring purity and strength of flow, by which the blood is enabled to draw to itself more of the nutritive properties of food secreted from the stomach than can possibly be the case when impure. This alterative process, therefore, ensures strength, improved digestion, steadier nerves, and a clearer brain.

We will send to any reader of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* samples of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" gratis and post-free. Write a letter, or send a postcard. There are no conditions; but don't write unless you, or those you love or know, are really needing the Sulphur Tablets.

Put up in packets, the price of the Sulphur Tablets is 1s. 1½d., to be ordered of Chemists or Grocers; or sent free for 1s. 3d. from the Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, E.C.—[ADVT.]

CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—No. III.

Ancient Worthies.

OF ancient worthies whose names are connected with Newcastle a few may be mentioned. Near where the great shipbuilding works of Sir Charles Mark Palmer now stand at Jarrow there once stood the monastery of the Venerable Bede. It is in the greatness and variety of Bede's Latin writings of the eighth century that, as Stopford

BEWICK'S WORKSHOP, IN ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCHYARD.

Brooke says, English literature strikes its key-note. The schoolman Dans Scotus, famous in the thirteenth century as the "subtile Doctor" for his lectures in Paris and Cologne, wore for some time the habit of a monk of St. Francis in Newcastle. Bishop Ridley, burnt at the stake with Latimer on the memorable Oct. 16, 1555, was educated at Newcastle before he went to Pembroke College. Could you have entered the streets of Newcastle in the last century you would have encountered Mr. Mark Akenside, the poet, with his stiffly-curled wig, his long sword, his hobbling gait, and his artificial heel. Akenside wrote "The Pleasures of the Imagination," a long didactic poem. It was inspired by some papers of Addison in the *Spectator*; it has, indeed, very little imagination, but exhibits very well-bred poetic manners, as the eighteenth century conceived them. No modern anthology is complete without a selection from Akenside.

Fine Old Thomas Bewick.

Fine old Thomas Bewick, Luke Clennell, Mason Jackson, and the Dalziel Brothers—the names of these famous engravers are all connected with Newcastle. Bewick revolutionised wood-engraving, and created it into an art with an independent power of interpretation, not only by his own practice of it, but by his introduction of the historic "white line." He was the possessor of a most delightful pastoral humour, as his many (now rare, alas!) "head-pieces" and "tail-pieces" bear witness; and he was one of the most patient and accurate of observers of Nature. The books illustrated with Bewick's woodcuts now bring great prices. A short while ago, Mr. Austin Dobson wrote a charming biography of Bewick, who was born at Cherryburn, near Ovingham, a picturesque village a short way up the Tyne, in 1753. For some time he carried on his business as engraver in a house in St. Nicholas' Churchyard, which bears a tablet commemorating the fact. Bewick is one of Newcastle's few children of genius. Everybody should read his racy, sturdy, honest "Autobiography." He died in 1828.

Stephenson, Armstrong, Swan.

The genius of the North, as a recent writer has said, is rather practical and mechanical than imaginative. But this practical and mechanical genius has been of a high order. Newcastle can boast of inventors like Stephenson and Lord Armstrong, whose fame is world-wide; and an electrician like Swan, whose name is as familiar as that of Edison. George Stephenson was born at Wylam, nine miles west of Newcastle, on July 9, 1781. It was on the Wylam "waggon-way" that the primitive ancestor of the modern express first puffed along to the astonishment of all beholders. The monument to Stephenson is appropriately erected close to the Central Railway Station—a full-length statue in bronze, with four figures representative of the mining and engineering industries grouped round the pedestal. If you have five minutes' wait at the Central in passing through, you can step out and behold in effigy the features of this great son of Newcastle.

Sir Charles Mark Palmer and Mr. Walter Scott.

You have old Jarrow and the Venerable Bede; you have modern Jarrow and Sir Charles Mark Palmer, Bart., M.P. Sir C. M. Palmer is one of the great industrial pioneers of the North. When, as a young man, he opened on a small scale the shipbuilding yard that bears his name, Jarrow had practically no population at all; it has now a population of 62,700, and at present Sir Charles builds iron ships for all kingdoms under the sun. He sits for Jarrow, for which he was elected the first Mayor in 1875. He is President of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce; and is one of the English Directors appointed to look after the management of the Suez Canal. Walter Scott is another name to conjure with in the North. As a builder he may be regarded as the continuator of Grainger in Newcastle. Mr. Walter Scott built the Central Station, which he is now engaged in enlarging; he built the Station Hotel, St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, the Tyne Theatre, and nearly every notable recent structure of Newcastle. He is a capitalist, with a turn for everything, from building a cathedral to turning out a new soap. Many of his vast contracts are in the south of England; his outer circle for goods traffic round London is a big affair, and, when once it is constructed, no doubt the internal pressure of traffic in the Metropolis, now more complained of than ever, will find sudden relief. Walter Scott is, perhaps, best known as a publisher. His publishing works are at Felling, and, with the issue of his well-known "Camelot," "Canterbury," and "Great Writers" series of shilling books, he has practically revolutionised the publishing world. Nothing so cheap was ever seen before. Mr. David Gordon, who is a sort of publishing Napoleon, is his manager at Felling, and to him the thanks of the democracy are due for placing the classics of literature within their reach for the modest sum of ninepence a volume. At the late Literary Fund dinner given in London Professor John Stuart Blackie announced that this century had produced three great men, and one of the fortunate persons was Walter Scott, the publisher.

The Magnate of Newcastle,

Robert Spence Watson, LL.D., is one of those all-round men who know everything and everybody and have been everywhere, and he is a most genial person withal. His work on Cædmon is an authority, he has written a book of travel to Wazan, the sacred city of Morocco, and divers other things besides. He is the chairman of the local Liberal Association; he nods his head, and Newcastle obeys. In every political issue, Dr. Watson's influence in the North has to be reckoned with. He has been concerned with every movement for the welfare of the city; every public institution finds his support indispensable; the number of public meetings he presides over in the course of the year is extraordinary. He is a vehement and effective orator, with a wonderful knack of saying just the right thing at the right moment; and he will talk of early Italian art at the Bewick Club with as much ease and fluency as of Home Rule in the Town-hall alongside Mr. John Morley, the distinguished member for Newcastle. Dr. Watson is as much at home in Rome as in Newcastle; he is a great lover of the Alps; he has fraternised with Norsemen at the North Cape as well as with gipseys in Spain and Moors in Morocco; and once, during the Franco-German War, when he went on a relief mission on behalf of the Quakers, to which body he belongs, he was nearly hanged for a spy by the Germans. If you drop into his charming house at Bensham on a Sunday night you are certain to meet there the latest politician, the latest lecturer—every interesting person who happens to have found his way to the North. Dr. Robert Spence Watson is, undoubtedly, the magnate of Newcastle, though perhaps he is too modest a man to admit that such is the case.

"Joe" Cowen.

The affections of Newcastle used to cluster around the person of Mr. Joseph Cowen. Mr. Cowen sat for Newcastle for many years. He has now retired into private life. When, at the invitation of the Liberal Association, Mr. John Morley stepped into the arena of local politics, the Tynesiders seemed suddenly to forget their old idol to worship at the shrine of the new political deity; and, rather to the discredit of Newcastle be it said, it was on with the new love before it was off with the old; and the city has never shown since any sign of tribulation in losing the services of a political thinker so informed and so philosophical, of an orator so brilliant and stirring, of a man so honest, determined, and independent as Mr. Joseph Cowen. The son of the late Sir Joseph Cowen, Mr. Cowen is the type and model of the unpretentious man: he dresses in the shabbiest way, and talks in the rough vernacular of Tyneside—almost incomprehensible to the southerner. He is proprietor of the Blaydon Firebrick works and of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, one of the most influential of provincial journals, and he is reputed to be fabulously rich.

Tynemouth and the Seaside.

Before leaving Newcastle you should take a trip down to Tynemouth, Whitby, and Cullercoats, the seaside resorts of the harassed Novocastrians. Here you will find a picturesque stretch of the Northumbrian coast and inhale its fine sea-breezes. The ruins of the Priory of St. Mary and St. Oswyn at Tynemouth are well worth a visit, standing as they do on the high sandstone crags that front the mouth of the Tyne. The North Pier, a splendid promenade, built of concrete blocks, extends about half-a-mile out to sea. The foundation-stone was laid in 1854, and over half-a-million has already been expended on the work. At Tynemouth there is, too, an aquarium and winter garden, erected in 1877-8 at the cost of £82,500.

Come to Newcastle!

Newcastle has many fine streets and imposing public buildings, and not a few remarkable inhabitants. It is a great centre of industry, and, more than that, regards itself now as a great centre of enlightenment. In politics it is always to the fore; it goes in, too, extensively for lectures. On a Sunday night in the Tyne Theatre you will find a huge and enthusiastic and intelligent audience applauding lectures so different as Mr. F. W. H. Myers with the latest ideas on Hypnotism, Mr. Bradlaugh on India, or Stepniak on Russia. Newcastle was the first centre to affiliate itself to Cambridge under the University Extension Scheme, and the Cambridge lecturers have a vast following of students. Come to Newcastle and study its citizens, its industries, and its institutions; you will be received with the proverbial hospitality of the North; you will be vastly interested; and, doubtless, you will leave with an augmented stock of ideas about coal and shipping, and with a considerable quantity of information and instruction in regard to matters political, scientific, and otherwise.

W. H. D.

(*Conclusion.*)

AN AMERICAN TOWN BURNT.

ON June 6 another deplorable disaster happened in the United States. The town of Seattle, in Washington State, was the scene of a lamentable conflagration. First breaking out at two o'clock in the afternoon, at what is known as Pontius Building, in Front-street, the flames spread with amazing rapidity, and by nine o'clock at night had destroyed thirty blocks of buildings. The buildings gutted included the Opera House, several warehouses in [illegible]-street, and a group of houses at the back of the offices of the *Post Intelligencer*, a local newspaper. Although the residential portion of the city was saved, the business quarter was literally in ashes. Every bank, hotel, theatre, newspaper office, telegraph station, mill, and freight warehouse has been burned to the ground. Even the steam-boat wharves along the river front have been destroyed, fuel being added to the flames by the coal stores on the quays. The shipping was only saved by being hauled into mid-stream. The railroad station also has been gutted. The loss of property is estimated at over five million dollars.

The Commander-in-Chief will inspect the City of London Rifle Brigade in Hyde Park on Saturday, the 15th inst.

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!"—Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, of New York, the "Society whistler," arrived on June 7 at the Hôtel Métropole, the best caravanserai in London, as managed by Mr. William T. Holland. Since Miss Shaw was in London last summer she has been on a whistling tour in the United States.

A Menagerie Lion.—From Gort, co. Galway, comes intelligence of a shocking occurrence in [illegible]gand's travelling menagerie. One of the [illegible] on Wednesday se'nnight ventured too near a large cage containing four full-grown lions, when one of the beasts seized him by the shoulder, mangling his arm in a horrible manner. With prompt [illegible] the unfortunate man was rescued, but so [illegible] torn was the limb that amputation was decided on, and the arm was taken off.

'Beecham's Illustrated Holiday Number is a remarkable pennyworth, comprising, as it does, a dozen readable short stories by such popular authors as Mr. James Payn, Mr. George R. Sims, Captain Hawley Smart, Mr. George Manville Fenn, and Mr. Howard Paul. This cheap penn'orth is published for Mr. Thomas Beecham, the proprietor of [illegible] famous pills, by Messrs. F J. Lambert & Co., [illegible] Bouverie-street, E.C. Apropos of Beecham, if you want a [illegible] the Beecham Waltz, by May Ostlere, [illegible] good stirring piece of dance music. It is issued by W. Howard & Co., 25, Great Marlborough-street, W.

A Love Tragedy is reported from Devizes. Miss Lister, head mistress of the British school in that town, was engaged to a teacher named Keeling, and an affectionate correspondence appears to have taken place. The discovery, however, that her lover had at one time been confined in a lunatic asylum seems to have led Miss Lister to break off the engagement. She, nevertheless, travelled with Keeling from Devizes, en route for Birmingham on Friday. On the journey he shot her in the head, and threw her out of the carriage window. In trying to escape from the train the would-be murderer was killed. Miss Lister is lying in a precarious condition. The young lady was much esteemed by her friends and pupils for her accomplishments and good sense.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO WEAR HARNESS'S WORLD-FAMED ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT find that it invigorates the debilitated constitution, stimulates the organic action, promotes the circulation, assists digestion, and promptly renews that vital energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretion, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, renews exhausted nerve force, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame. All in search of health should wear this, the only bonâ-fide reliable Electric Belt. Thousands of testimonials. Pamphlet and advice free, personally or by letter, on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician (President of the British Association of Medical Electricians), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place).—[ADVT.]

SEASIDE RESORT FOR NEWCASTLE: TYNEMOUTH PRIORY AND THE NORTH PIER.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

ALTHOUGH somewhat trying, this is undeniably glorious weather—there is no other word for it—for gardening or anything else. The golden rule in watering, whether of pot-plants or in the open ground is "never give a single drop until moisture is actually required (i.e., when the soil begins to show signs of dryness), and then afford a thorough soaking." Just now it appears impossible to give our plants enough water, not to mention too much, and in addition to the usual morning and evening supply we are now going over the stock of plants in pots at midday as well—in fact, we seem to be always watering, and never to get done.

In addition to the constant watering, there is a good deal of weeding to be done, for these invariably grow faster than anything else. Where practicable, hand-weeding is much the best mode of getting rid of these troublesome customers; but if the garden is on too large a scale to allow of this being done, then the hoe—the Dutch or ordinary form, according to circumstances—should be brought into frequent requisition. A dry hot day is the time to settle the weeds, as if cut off an inch or two below the surface and allowed to lie in the sun for a few hours it will be almost a miracle if they grow again. Hoeing not only destroys weeds, but lightens and aërates the soil, greatly to the benefit of whatever may be growing in it, and actually checks evaporation to a considerable degree as well.

Lawns

should now be in perfection: a smooth, clean, and well-kept lawn is always a "thing of beauty," and no pains should be spared to secure a fine and even sward. The grass is growing so fast as to require cutting somewhat more frequently than the usual once a week to keep it in really good order. Take care to avoid a very common error, viz., setting the knives of the machine too low. If the grass is left half-an-inch to an inch in length it will not only present a much more pleasing appearance, but suffer less on very hot days, while the knives will retain their edge much better than if allowed to cut right down into the soil. Unless very long it is also a good plan to allow the cuttings to remain on the turf, for they act as a slight mulch, and in some degree protect the roots of the grass from the too-powerful rays of the sun. Grass edgings should be carefully trimmed and cut. Attention to little matters of this kind greatly enhances the attractiveness of the garden, while if neglected, the finest flowers and most skilful cultivation lose half their effect.

Herbaceous Plants,

as they are generally denominated, are now in bloom, while others will very shortly be in the zenith of their beauty. A reaction in favour of this class of plant has set in during the last few years, and happily so, for the expensive and gaudy "bedding-out" system had been carried to a degree that was really painful, and we may be thankful that they have had their day, and their places taken, to a great extent, by something more truly beautiful. Among others, Canterbury bells are just expanding their fine blossoms; in some of the newer forms of these the calyx has been transformed into a petaloid ring-and-saucer" or "clematis" blooms thus resulting are not only curious, but a good deal more showy than the old style of plants. In addition to the white and purple varieties of this fine old-fashioned flower there is a rose-coloured kind, in both the single and double class, which might be more commonly seen with advantage, especially as it grows and flowers quite as freely as the others. Another most desirable family is that of the delphiniums or larkspurs: of these there are now a very large number of distinct "named" varieties, both single and double flowered, varying in hue from almost pure white, through all shades of lavender, light and dark blue to the richest purple. Then we have the lupines, when well grown nearly as stately as the last; that grand and beautiful flower the hollyhock; foxgloves, sweet-williams, and others, which succeed best when treated as biennials and raised from seed one year to bloom the next.

Then, of true perennials, of a more permanent character, there are the helianthus or perennial sunflowers, lilies, the many varieties of lychnis, geums, anemones in countless numbers—one of the finest of this family being the lovely A. Japonica, which we have in three colours, the pure white, the rose, and a beat crimson—pyrethrums, phloxes, pentstemons, potentillas, the gorgeous perennial poppies, the lovely coreopsis lanceolata, gaillardias, and a hundred others too numerous to mention here. All these succeed in any good garden soil, that of a rather light loamy nature, however, being most suitable, but many must not be too liberally manured.

Vegetable Garden.

The occupants of this department are in really splendid condition just now, though in some parts of the country, where the soil is naturally light and dry, the want of rain is beginning to be felt. Where the ground is annually, or even biennially, deeply trenched up and liberally manured, it is, however, really surprising how much better the plants endure dry weather than if the soil is only turned over to the depth of a single spade. Deep cultivation and the free use of manure are among the best of all antidotes to drought, and those who wish to have fine crops whatever the weather may be must see that their gardens are properly worked in this respect. Another valuable ally against the effects of drought is what is known as mulching—*i.e.*, spreading a layer of littery manure, or any other material of a suitable character, over the ground among the plants, both to check evaporation and screen the surface roots from the fierce rays of the sun. If, after giving a plot of ground a thorough soaking with water or liquid manure, three or four inches of littery manure, grass cuttings, cocoa-nut fibre, or even dry fern, is spread over the surface, the ground will remain moist twice as long as it would otherwise do, and the benefit to the plants be proportionately great.

Potatoes.

Continue hoeing between the rows, and to draw a little earth up to the stems on each side. If the soil is at all poor, now is a good time to apply a little artificial manure. Super-phosphate of lime is one of the very best of all potatoe-manures, and sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, guano, soot, and salt are all good. Any of the above, or a mixture of them, sprinkled evenly along each side of the rows at the rate of two or three hundredweight per acre, and lightly hoed in, cannot fail to augment the yield of tubers considerably.

Salading.

The heat causes a brisk demand for everything of this kind, and pains should be taken to secure a good supply. Of course, in towns, at any rate, one can always buy salads, &c.; but they are never so crisp and sweet as when home-grown, and brought to table fresh from the garden. The great secrets of growing good salading in summer are deep rich soil and plenty of moisture; produce from poor, dry ground is certain to be tough, stringy, and indigestible. I find lettuces to do best planted on the ridges between celery trenches; at first sight this may seem strange, but on second thoughts it will be seen that the soil is both deep and rich, and the roots of course descend to where there is always plenty of moisture.

Tomatoes must be planted out at once to do any good. If plants are plentiful, set them one foot, or not nearer than eighteen inches apart, and keep them to a single stem, otherwise allow from two to four feet between each, and take up three or four main growths.

Cucumbers in houses and pits are growing rapidly, and should be fruiting freely as well. The chief need now is abundance of moisture, both at the root and in the air, and to this end the house should be heavily syringed, and the floors deluged with water, two, three, or four times a day in bright weather.

Fruit Garden.

From some cause which it would be difficult to indicate with any degree of certainty, the abundant promise of a rich fruit harvest will in many parts not be fulfilled, apples especially having suffered severely, and lost a large part of their fruit.

Strawberries in pots should be all turned out-of-doors now, and as soon as the fruit is all off, plant them out in a piece of good ground in an open position, and give them plenty of water. B. C. R.

OUR VILLAGE: No. I.—OUR POLITICIANS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MONKEY SHOW.

VISITORS to the Alexandra Palace will not only enjoy some of the purest air obtainable in the London suburbs, but may view an exhibition of peculiar interest to children. We refer to the remarkably extensive Monkey Show organised there by Messrs. Benjamin Brooke and Co., proprietors of the "Monkey Brand" of soap, whose trade-mark is familiar to all students of mural posters. This large collection comprises a white monkey, and every imaginable variety of this acrobatic animal, which bears so close a resemblance to some types of mankind, as is pungently pointed out in one of Darwin's great works on the origin of species.

The Scottish Highlands will presently be attracting hosts of tourists needing recuperation after the dust and heat of Paris. To such we commend "Leslie's Tourist Guide to the Scottish Highlands" as a plentifully illustrated and handy pocket-guide. Send twopence in stamps to Mr. P. Leslie, 20, St. John-street, Perth, and receive a copy of this gem of a guide-book, post-free.

Wissmann on the War Path.—In *The Penny Illustrated Paper* of May 18 we gave a portrait of Captain Wissmann, and mentioned the object for which the Emperor of Germany dispatched the courageous young explorer to the East Coast of Africa. A telegram from Zanzibar states:—"Captain Wissmann has attacked Saadani and Windji, and levelled them with the ground. The German force met with some slight opposition to the south of Saadani, but the natives only offered a brief resistance, and speedily fled. On the German side one man was killed, while one officer, one non-commissioned officer, and six blacks were slightly wounded. A non-commissioned officer and a Zulu were severely wounded."

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

THE REMARKABLE MONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Wedding-Dress of the Season.

I copy from the *Lady's Pictorial* this week sketches of Miss Mabel Saunderson's (now Mrs. Mulholland) wedding-dress, and a dinner-dress and tea-gown, supplied by Alfred Manning, of Grafton-street, Dublin. The wedding-dress, which was extremely beautiful and becoming, was of ivory-white duchesse satin: the front was entirely covered with pearl embroidery; but the long square train was without trimming of any kind, and a plain tulle veil was fastened on with a diamond crescent, the gift of the bridegroom. No orange-blossoms were worn on the dress; but the delicate pearl embroidery gave it a richness and grace which not the most lovely lace or flowers in the world could have equalled.

MRS. (SAUNDERSON) MULHOLLAND'S WEDDING-DRESS.

The dinner-gown is made of sicilienne of a beautiful shade of rose pink, with soft draperies of white mousseline-de-soie, which fall from the neck to the hem of the skirt. Rich frills of pink silk finish the skirt in front. The sleeves are full and reach a little below the elbow, where they are met by gloves of cream or pale fawn. The tea-gown has a bodice and train of réséda silk with long sleeves of the same; the full front, as well as the loose falling sleeves, and the soft drapery which forms the front of the skirt, is of terra-cotta crêpe-de-Chine, exquisitely embroidered with réséda floss silk and gold wire. These lovely garments, which are admirably suited to the youthful bride, reflect the greatest possible credit upon the well-known establishment from which they come.

The trousseaux supplied this season—and rarely have there been so many fashionable marriages—are of unusual splendour! Firm seems to vie with firm in making up the most costly fabrics; and, although the brides of to-day have, as a rule, fewer gowns, owing to the constant changes of fashion, those supplied are not only costly in material, but beautiful in design.

Another wedding-gown worn last week was of rich white poult-de-soie, elaborately trimmed with trails of orange-blossom. The bodice was made with folds in front, crossing from right to left; high Medici collar and puffed sleeves. Brides' travelling dresses vary very much, according to the taste or position of the wearers; some are very plain and simple, others so very striking that they at once proclaim themselves as the second important garment in that most elaborate of all outfits, the trousseau of the bride.

The prospect of a fine summer, on the whole, makes the subject of

Dress

doubly interesting and important. I was pleased to see the other day the pretty old fashion revived of introducing rows of needlework insertion lined with colour, into white dresses. Between each row of insertion on the skirt narrow tucks are run, and the sash matches the lining of the insertion in colour. Black mousseline-de-soie, with a pattern of flowers, such as forget-me-nots, daisies, rosebuds, or dog-roses, are very much worn. They have the advantage of looking dressy, and they wear well.

Foulard is also very popular; but I think it never looks good enough for the price one has to pay for it. The most fashionable foulards this season have large patterns in white on coloured grounds, or light blue on dark, light green on dark, and deep pink on pale. I do not think it is wise for those who cannot afford a great variety of new gowns to choose material with an obtrusive pattern on it. The wearer, and the wearer's friends, soon become tired of it, and yet it is too good to give away.

I do not think the little shoulder capes, generally made of jet, with long stole ends of lace, are very elegant. Anything that *waggles* about in front is not graceful; the long fur boas had exactly the same effect. And very little women, who are stout as well as short, ought to think twice before they invest in the long, and very fussy, "dust" cloaks now so popular. They require tall, slight, graceful figures to carry them off properly.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See "Ill. Guide," post-free. 11, Beech-st., London, E.C., Manager, H. Myers.—[ADVT.]

TEA-GOWN FOR MRS. (SAUNDERSON) MULHOLLAND.

For the severely simple style of the Directoire gown nothing looks better than Irish poplin or "tabinet," as it is always called in Ireland. It can be had now in all the artistic shades, and it wears admirably, but you must not let it get wet. Being a mixture of "worsted" and silk, it "cockles" if rained upon. I am told that alpaca is very much worn in Paris. I like it better than foulard myself, and it has always been very popular with Frenchwomen.

I see great bargains are now being offered in cheap gloves. My experience is that there is nothing you can buy as expensive as cheap gloves. They wear badly, they dirty quickly, and they never fit!

New Waterproofs.

In this fickle climate of ours it is always wise to be prepared for sudden squalls and showers, and it is really a boon to ladies who like to look "nice" under the most adverse circumstances that the hideous waterproof, wherein we were, not so very long ago, obliged to envelope ourselves, is now as extinct as the dodo. I see that "Butterfly" of the *Lady's Pictorial* recommends some new and pretty waterproofs just brought out by Messrs. Cording and Co., of Regent-street. The most popular shape is still the Russian; but the cloak with the Inverness cape and printed "Capuchin" hood runs it close in popularity. It is a great mistake to have a waterproof cloak too long, for nothing is so hard to clean when it gets muddy. The serge yachting and shooting suits, also sent out by Cording and Co., are extremely useful: they are finished with a deep hem of waterproof stuff, and are, in consequence, quite impervious to damp.

And now would you like a receipt for a nice

Supper Dish?

Here is one. Fry some small rounds of stale bread in butter very slowly and carefully, until they are of a pretty light brown. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg on each, taking care that the round of bread is a little larger than the round of the egg. Cut up two or three fresh tomatoes, according to size, and put them in a saucepan with a tiny sprig of parsley, a small bit of onion, a little salt, cayenne, and 1 oz. of fresh butter; heat gently for ten minutes, then add half a tablespoonful of bread-crumbs; put the mixture into a clean pan, with the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir, over a gentle heat, until the sauce thickens; then place a teaspoonful of it over each slice of the egg and fried bread. This dish is equally good hot or cold, and, if eaten with anchovies, it is very appetising.

MARGUERITE.

MRS. (SAUNDERSON) MULHOLLAND'S DINNER-GOWN.

SUGAR,
EFFERVESCING COLOURED SYRUPS,
STIMULANTS.

EXPERIENCE shows that Sugar, Effervescing Coloured Syrups, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree; while Light White Wines and Gin or Old Whisky largely diluted with Seltzer Water, will be found the least objectionable.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.

How important to have at hand some simple remedy, such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream; but not the rolling river. I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all. Whenever a change is contemplated, let ENO'S FRUIT SALT be your companion. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow"; whereas, had a supply of ENO'S FRUIT SALT been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

During the late Afghan War we were before Kandahar and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M—'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Take, he said, an old soldier's advice. So, to please him, we emptied the bottle. We certainly slept soundly, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards, the Colonel said at mess: You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you, you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally, said the Colonel, I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment. And were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayoobs. After that the Colonel was always called "Old Eno."—From "Mess Stories," by Proteus. Published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is peculiarly adapted for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER. It possesses the power of REPARATION, when DIGESTION has been DISTURBED or LOST, and places the invalid on the RIGHT TRACK to HEALTH.

"I USED my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

DISORDERED STOMACHS & BILIOUS ATTACKS.

A Gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the **"VEGETABLE MOTO,"** I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

A NATURAL MOTO: Eno's "Vegetable Moto" (or MOTO PILL) price 1s. 1½d.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

SUNLIGHT

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

I AM always sorry when I see skylarks hung out in low narrow cages, at a window, in sight of the free sunshine. It makes one full of pity to watch them beat their wings and flutter up against the bars and the wooden roof above their heads. I think they, more perhaps than any kind of birds, must feel their imprisonment. I once saw a tiny room, with stone walls, in the Tower of London where a clever gentleman-sailor was once shut up by his enemies. He who had known what it was to be sailing over the wide, wide sea, found himself inclosed in a room no better than a small cellar, with hardly space to move about. I think a skylark must feel very much as that traveller did. But, somehow, people seldom think about a bird's feelings.

* * * * *

If birds *must* be kept, why, then, let us make them as comfortable and happy as we can. A roomy cage, for instance, should be bought or made, with plenty of perches. A little change now and again in the food, too, is good. (How would you, my reader, like cold mutton and bread-pudding *every* day from January to December?)

And here is another very good idea you may gain from the following story. A little girl bought a canary and took it home, away from the company of other birds at the shop. The new pet found the change anything but a pleasant one, and fretted sadly. His little mistress did all she could to cheer and rouse him up, but in vain. At last a friend happened to call in. "Oh," said she, "we can soon cure this fit of home-sickness. Give him a piece of looking-glass." The little girl got a piece of broken mirror, and fixed it up in full sight of the doleful canary. In a moment he caught sight of his own reflection in the glass. He took it to be a new bird come to see him, and edging up as close to it as he could, sang out his delight at having company once more.

* * * * *

Most of my readers will ere long be looking forward to examination-time, or perhaps I should say, to what follows the examinations. In some schools English composition very wisely is made one of the subjects. It teaches young people to put their sentences neatly together, and to be careful of the stops and the spelling. The knowledge so gained comes in handy, too, when they are writing letters. I do not think that boy could have had much of this teaching who, after several terms at a good boarding-school, wrote home to his mother asking for "anuther Kake and 2 more potts of jamm."

* * * * *

But with most boys and girls compositions are not much in favour. Their ideas get sadly mixed, and when they try "not to copy it all out of a book," they put down something out of their own heads. Often the effect is funny enough. If all boys wrote essays as uncommon as the following, I should very much like to be the examiner who should go through the papers. This lad had been told to write about Christopher Columbus. "Clumbus," said he, "was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Clumbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Clumbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he got a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. After many days, the pilot came to him and said, 'Clumbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Clumbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Clumbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then the chief said, 'I suppose you are Clumbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

THE WET WHITSUNTIDE.

COMPARED with the receipts of the corresponding Bank Holiday last year the railway official returns on Monday exhibited a large decrease. The most busy work was occasioned in the booking for the Crystal Palace, whither thirty-five specials were dispatched from London Bridge and a proportionate number from Victoria; whilst the "High Level" was largely patronised. 63,482 persons visited the Crystal Palace. Over 7000 passengers booked for the Alexandra Palace viâ the Great Eastern system. The Zoo was visited by over 11,000 people, the People's Palace by 15,000, Windsor Castle by 5,600, the South Kensington Museum by 17,000, and the National History Museum by 10,490.

Loss of a Spanish War-vessel.—Lloyd's agent at Cadiz, telegraphing on Monday afternoon, reports that the Spanish gun-boat Paz has been totally lost off Trafalgar. The crew were saved.

THE SPEAKER ON CYCLING.

THE Speaker of the House of Commons attended the Midland Counties meet of cyclists at Leamington, last Monday, and presided at the luncheon held in the Jephson Gardens. The meet was attended by cyclists from all parts of the country, the Manningham Club, Bradford, taking a silver bugle for the club most largely represented at the meet. Mr. John Fell, president of the Leamington Club, proposed the "Health of the Speaker," which was heartily honoured.

The Speaker, in acknowledgment, said there were some striking facts in connection with the cycling movement. In the first place it had developed to an extraordinary extent the organising power of the English people. When they considered that there were about

500,000 People

in the United Kingdom who used cycling in some shape or the other, he said the progress made as a result of that organisation struck them as something of which they might all be proud. Then, again, the cycling unions had developed amongst them a knowledge which was very imperfect before—a knowledge of their own country. There was nothing like knowing a country, and there was no way of getting to know a country like going into the bye-ways and lanes. There was one incidental advantage worth remembering in connection with that—the revival of the wayside inn and hostelry. These wayside inns were characteristic of English life. Each had its own special reputation; and he was addressing men whom he was sure could point out hostelries where all the comforts of English rural life were combined with rural quiet. He witnessed, on Saturday last, what was called

A Veterans' Race,

and a more astonishing display of energy and vitality in a man that had passed three-score years and ten he never saw. That gentleman had rode and won for four successive years, and when he (Mr. Peel) was at Stamford-bridge he was an easy winner. He could only hope that the older portion of them who had not taken to bicycles might be stirred by the record upon the road, and though he did not propose himself to go from Land's End to John o' Groats, yet he did believe, if he might venture to say a word in support of the Cyclists' Union and of cycling, that they were doing what they could, some more and some less, to promote a healthy and invigorating sport, a sport which had opened up new vistas to this generation, which had enabled them to bear the strain of ordinary daily life, and which he trusted might conduce not only to the bodily welfare, but to the mental strength of every patron of cycling.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES ON THE RIVER.

THERE are many electric launches now on the Thames (writes a river lounger), and I have rarely seen one with such beautiful lines as the Loosestrife, owned by Mr. Gold, who has taken Formosa Island for the season. She was built by a Clyde firm, and "lined" by Mr. Watson, who designed the Thistle. She makes no noise, her screw being well under water, thereby causing no swell to the inconvenience of boaters. One thing I would suggest is that a mast should be put into her, as she has no funnel; this would give her a very smart appearance. Other launches that passed me on Sunday were Colonel Hammersley's Wildfire, Captain Leigh's Cuckoo, and the Asteroid, last year's umpire boat at Henley.

The Grand Jury of New York have indicted the three surgeons who performed the post-mortem examination on Mr. Irving Bishop for a breach of the sanitary laws.

The Shah proceeded early on Monday morning from Berlin to Potsdam, where he was greeted by the Emperor and Empress. Later in the day he deposited a laural wreath, with the Persian colours, upon the coffin of the Emperor Frederick II.

Of all the lady violinists I have heard of late years none have pleased me more than Signorina Tua, violinist to the Queen of Spain. Signorina Tua has marvellously improved since I last heard her. In tone, style, and execution she is superb, and there is something poetical about her playing which raises her above every artist of her sex save Madame Norman-Neruda (Lady Hallé).

I have never seen a solo violinist so enthusiastically greeted as Senor Sarasate was last Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. His final piece, "La Fée d'Amour," was rapturously encored. Then the violinist gave his famous Spanish gipsy dance, and a large number of the visitors began to leave, but the remainder of the audience made such an uproar that Senor Sarasate came and began a third piece. The departing visitors heard it, and with a mad scamper, so as not to lose a note, they rushed back to the hall, and once more called the brilliant player to the platform when he finished his solo.

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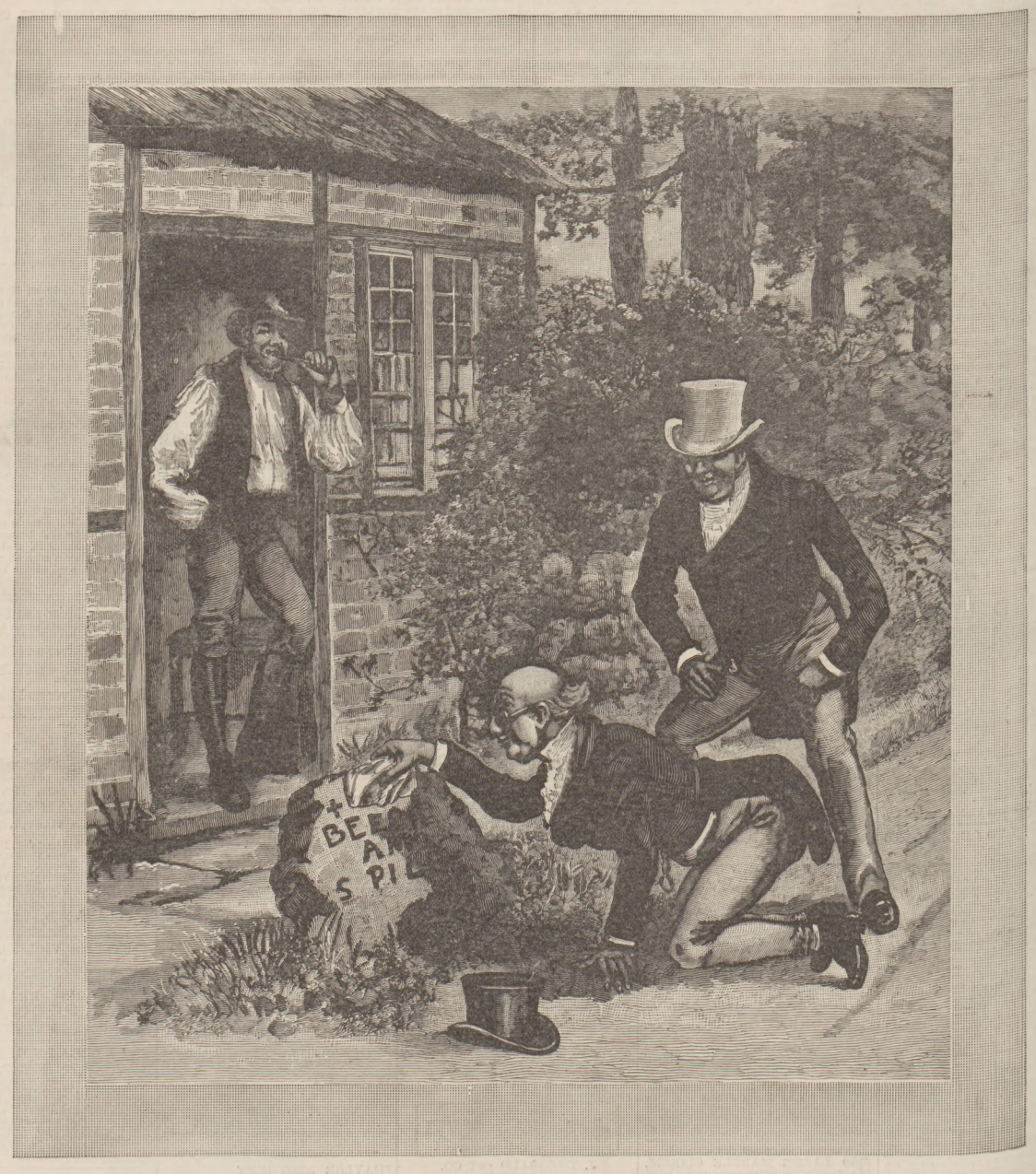

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